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AIL GODWIN
On a Southern Epic

The Most Powerful Foreign Agent

The House of Saud: III, by Steven Emerson

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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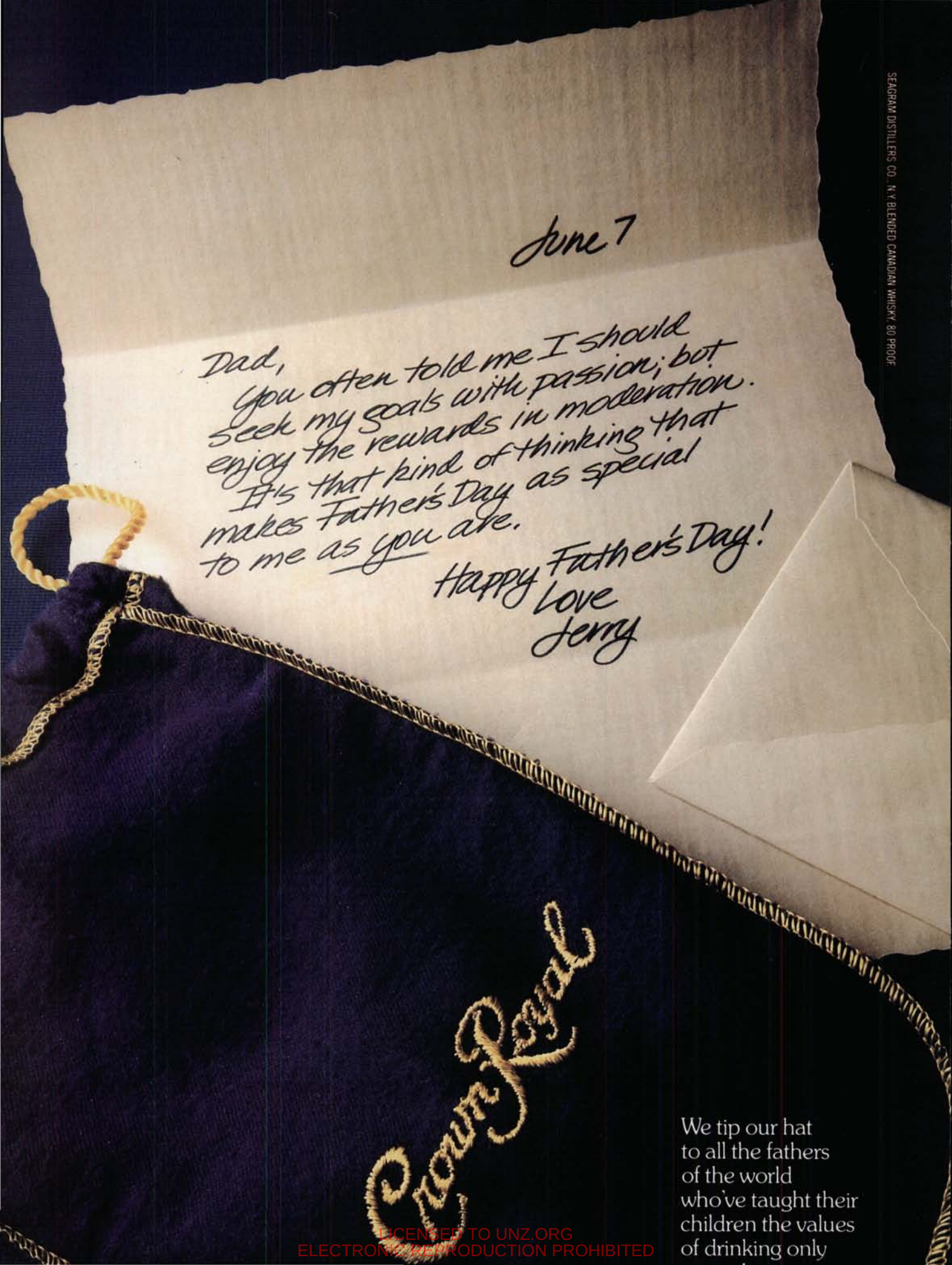
June 7
Dad,
You often told me I should seek my goals with passion; but enjoy the rewards in moderation. It's that kind of thinking that makes Father's Day as special to me as you are.
Happy Father's Day!
Love
Jerry
Crown Royal
We tip our hat to all the fathers of the world who've taught their children the values of drinking only
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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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TRB

FROM WASHINGTON

Presidential Fumbles

For months Ronald Reagan's White House staff has been trying to figure out a satisfactory medium for their man's contacts with the public and the press. He is, after all, the Great Communicator, whose TV presence makes his predecessor look like Mortimer Snerd. But Reagan's aides know that they have a problem: the President's command of the facts is sometimes so poor that he can wind up sounding, if not looking, rather Snerd-like himself. So when Reagan appeared with little advance notice in the White House press room the other day to take questions personally, in lieu of the daily briefing, it was another variation of a still-developing strategy to get the President out front with his version of the news.

As he took his position behind the podium where his spokesman, Larry Speakes, normally holds forth, Reagan looked perfectly Presidential in a dark brown suit; his face reflected the right mixture of good humor and concern. But in answering the first question, about Attorney General William French Smith's dubious tax shelter, the President offered an explanation that differed from the official line. A Justice Department spokesman initially said that Smith personally had made the decision to invest in the tax shelter. Reagan suggested that "this was done by someone that the Attorney General trusts to handle whatever investments he might have." A few moments later, Reagan's communications chief, David Gergen, winced as his boss began to muff a "talking point"—a recommended remark that makes the best argument for the White House side of a case. Speaking of a Republican-backed budget bill, Reagan said it "calls for 87 percent of the—wait a minute. No. It *preserves* 87 percent of the tax cuts that we wanted for our people." Gergen smiled and nodded at this mid-course correction.

After handling about fifteen minutes' worth of questions without grievous injury to himself or to the truth, Reagan noted that Speakes wanted to end the session on schedule. Sarah McClendon, a reporter who was harassing Presidents when Reagan was still a Democrat, prevailed upon him to take her question. It was more scolding than probing, prefaced by "I want to tell you something." She told him that proposed reductions in Medicare and Medicaid would force hospitals to cut admissions. "The old people will not be admitted, and, therefore, the old people will die. What's your answer to that? You said you were the 'sweet man' because you didn't cut back on old or needy people." Reagan's face flushed. He said he couldn't answer the question because Speakes had "shut me off." But in parting he told the reporters they had "the means to reduce the fears of Social Security recipients, fears that have been aroused by the demagoguery of those guys on the Hill."

This little encounter gave a glimpse of the pleasures and the perils that Reagan presents for his staff. He was able to get air time attacking Tip O'Neill and his Democratic cohorts for demagoguery, but he also subjected himself to hostile questions and made comments that were questionable. It's the same dilemma that confounded Reagan's handlers back in the 1980 campaign.

As Reagan's popularity began to fade earlier this year, there was a feeling both at the White House and among Republicans on Capitol Hill that his persuasive powers were going to waste. How to restore the magic of last year's televised addresses? A series of ten weekly radio broadcasts was conceived. The plan was for Reagan to explain and defend his economic policies to the folks out there in radioland each Saturday at noon. But Reagan refused to stick to the script. "Sometimes he has things he wants to get off his chest," sighed one adviser. In April, from Barbados, it was student loans. Reagan felt he was "getting a bum rap," so he devoted most of his message that week to the issue. Since the speech was piped into the region, thousands of Caribbeans, presumably poised by their radios to hear the President speak to their concerns, were perplexed by the subject matter. "We tried for three days to change his mind, but he wouldn't budge," the adviser said.

Another approach is the current "meet the people" campaign. When the White House claimed a few months ago that Reagan had learned a lot from talking with people during a trip to the Midwest, some cynics observed that the trip had consisted of speeches to two state legislatures and a couple of functions with wealthy Republican contributors. So the White House began laying on meetings with "real people." The first was during a flood in Fort Wayne, where Reagan put on galoshes and, as soon as a busload of photographers arrived, joined in a sandbag brigade. Then came several activities involving blacks. It was at a black parochial school in Chicago that, without provocation, the President delivered the remarkable statement that when he signed off on his original order to extend tax exemptions to segregated private schools, "I was under the impression that the problem of segregated schools had been settled." He also said he hadn't known there were court cases pending at the time. Larry Speakes was unwilling to clarify these remarks, telling reporters, "Don't try to pick me apart on these mistakes again."

The latest phase in the President's publicity campaign, the informal mini-press conference, was started this spring, after Speakes moved to thwart exchanges between the President and reporters at "photo opportunities." A top White House assistant complained privately that Sam Donaldson, the irrepressible ABC correspondent, was dictating what news flowed from the White House each day by asking Reagan questions on random topics at affairs designed simply to provide pictures of the President. The counter-complaint by reporters was that Reagan was so seldom available for formal press conferences that he was fair game. The compromise means no more questions at "photo ops," but commits the President to respond to questions on a more regular basis. Thus far it has served Reagan reasonably well, but as Gergen's brief grimace indicated the other day, each time the President departs from the text, there is potential for danger.

Richard Strout, the regular author of TRB, is on vacation for three months. This column is by Curtis Wilkie of the *Boston Globe*'s Washington bureau.

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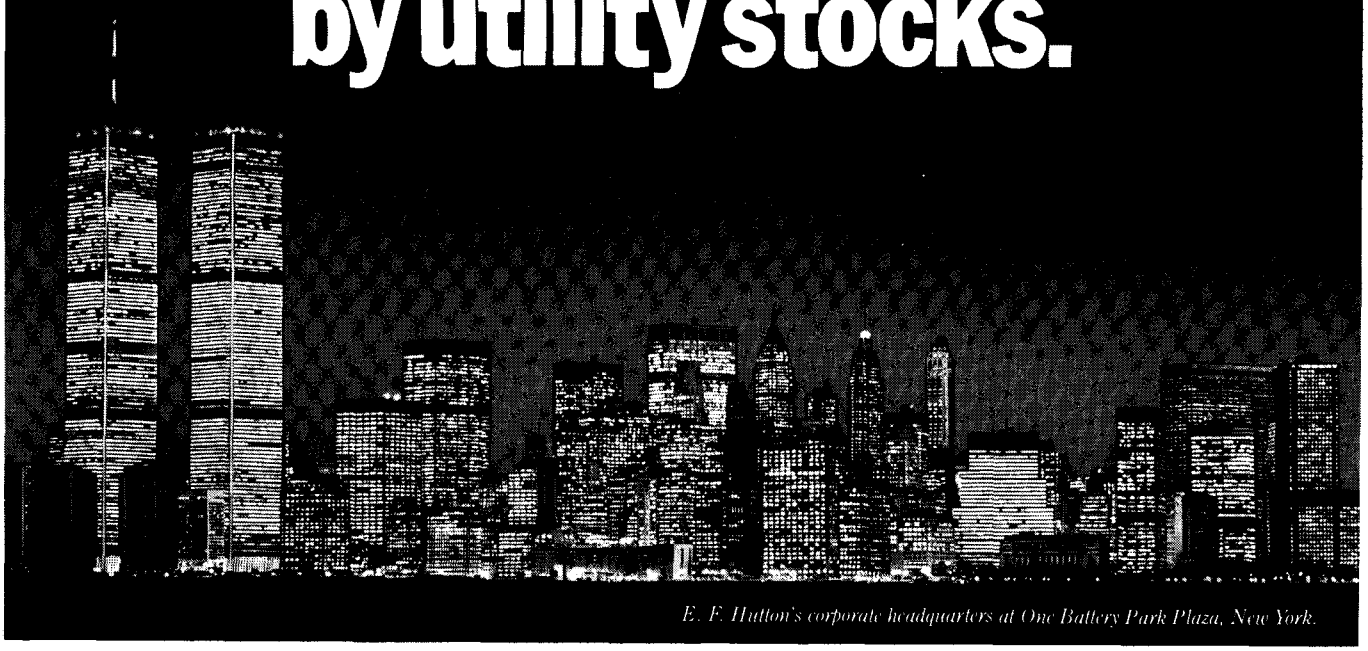

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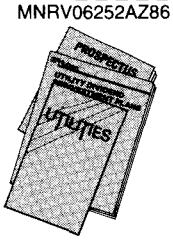

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CORRESPONDENCE

DEAD ISSUE

To the editors:
Your magazine has jazzed up its cover art with the increased newsstand distribution it now receives.

While wishing you the best of luck in increasing your circulation, I must note that with the ghastly, garish cover of May 19, you have shamed yourself. You ought to apologize to Mr. Brezhnev and to your readers for a rude abuse of the time-honored tradition of characterization of public figures.

May the Postal Service demote you to 4th-class mail delivery, and may your color separations blur.

REECE WILLIAMS
Portland, Oregon

PRAYER PROCESS

To the editors:
There is little to be said for forced prayers in the public schools, and you are right in joining the liberal and part of the conservative and religious communities in opposition to President Reagan's proposed amendment to restore this anachronistic practice ("Not A Prayer," TNR, May 26). However, there is something else at issue here that is not so easy to decide, namely, the right of the majority of citizens within their states, and even within their school districts, to decide what their children will do. The best decision for all of the children, and even for the cultivation of genuine religious feelings, would require the absence of school prayer; but should the Supreme Court have the right to forbid us to make this decision?

I don't think so, and I believe that the majority of people, not the courts, should have the right to decide this issue. I realize, however, that to support the proposed amendment now would be seen only as support for school prayer and not for the democratic principle. Consequently, I suggest that liberals should welcome the fact that President Reagan's proposed amendment is being presented to Congress, but that liberals should also urge everyone to tell his or her representative to vote the amendment down. We can then say that school prayer has been abolished by the expressed will of the majority of the American people, and not by a sneak attack around the democratic process.

I think that we can trust the people to do the right thing on school prayer, as well as on abortion and other such issues. But even if they don't, a true liberal should value the democratic process more than the outcome of any particular issue.

LAWRENCE W. HYMAN
Ridgewood, New Jersey

WAY BACK WHEN

To the editors:
To those of us interested in how thoughtful people in Argentina perceive the Falklands war, it is very important to know the circumstances of Jorge Luis Borges's "Stories of Horsemen" (TNR, May 19). Did Borges write it after the invasion, in which case we can take it as a comment on that event, or was it written earlier?

PETER MAGNANI
San Francisco, California

The editors reply:
The story was written in the 1950s.

NATIVE SON

To the editors:
There is something very unsettling about Michael McGwire's assertion, in "Battle for the Falklands, 1: The Stakes" (TNR, May 12), that Argentina, like "Canada, Australia, South Africa, and the United States," was "*. . . originally settled by European stock.*" There are today some 1.2 million American Indians—Native Americans whose ancestors crafted sophisticated cultures, economies, and governments of their own in this country, long before the Europeans' "settling" influence took hold. These men and women, and the leaders of the more than two-hundred federally recognized Indian tribes which still span the country, might understandably take issue with Mr. McGwire's apparent suggestion that Columbus and his successors found an unpeopled, uncivilized land upon their arrival here.

Consider, for instance, that Peter Martyr, one of the earliest European historians of the New World, concluded in dispatches sent home in the 1500s that the Native Americans he found were living in ". . . that Golden World of which the Ancients spoke of so much. . . ." Wrote the French essayist Montaigne, "I am sorry that Plato did not know of them . . . for it seems to me that what we actually see in these nations surpasses all the pictures in which poets have idealized the Golden Age. . . . There is . . . no name for a magistrate or political superiority, no servitude, no riches or poverty, no contracts, no occupations but leisure ones, no care for any but common kindred. . . . The very words that signify lying, treachery, avarice, and envy, are unheard of."

The Pilgrims were met at Plymouth Rock by a Wampanoag Indian named Squanto, who greeted them in English (having been to England himself), helped them survive their first brutal winter, and introduced them to the foodstuffs that became staples of the Thanksgiving meal. In the writings of Franklin, Paine, and Jefferson are numerous words of admiration for the six-nation government of the Iroquois Confederacy.

Bold, historical brushstrokes may be necessary when the subject at hand is immediate, and a war at that. But let's be a little more sensitive to the realism of the picture we paint.

ED GABRIEL
Council of Energy Resource Tribes
Washington, D.C.

EQUAL TIME

To the editors:
The omission of two words in the printing of my review of *Equalities* by Douglas Rae et al. ("A Grammar of Equality," TNR, May 12) had the effect of making me contradict myself about the coherence and usefulness of the notion of equality. The sentence in the middle that begins, "The whole idea of equality is a mess . . . ," should read, "The whole idea of equality of opportunity is a mess. . . . " This is, of course, quite consistent with my conclusion that equality itself is a reasonably straightforward idea with much to commend it.

BRIAN BARRY
University of Chicago
Chicago, Illinois

TABLE MANNERS

To the editors:
Maggie Scarf's paranoia ("New York Diarist," TNR, June 2) may be a bit too specialized. I am a single male, generally well-dressed and reasonably clean.

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THE NEW REPUBLIC
JUNE 16, 1982

THE HAITIANS' AGONY

A year after the Reagan Administration decided to get tough on illegal immigration, the number of Haitians seeking refuge in the United States has plummeted. In 1980 a few thousand Haitians were arriving in Miami each month. By April of this year, the number had dwindled to a few dozen. Last October the U.S. and Haitian governments signed an agreement allowing the Coast Guard to patrol the waters near Haiti and send back any boat people who cannot prove that they would be roughed up if they returned. All have been sent back. The Administration contends, despite conclusive evidence to the contrary, that the Haitians are fleeing only destitution, not persecution, and thus do not qualify for political asylum. Last June the Administration ordered the Haitian boat people who managed to reach Miami to be held in Immigration and Naturalization Service custody rather than released into the temporary care of relatives and church groups as they had been previously (and as other illegals still are), until hearings could be arranged for them.

The Administration defends its policy as an effective deterrent against others who might want to exploit the United States' hospitality. But this rationale is as rickety as the boats in which the Haitians make their way to America. It denies the legitimacy of the Haitians' request for asylum before they can even present their claims. And however "successful" its policy may be in discouraging other Haitians from attempting to come to the U.S., the Administration cannot justify its treatment of those who are here, even on the most specious grounds. Today two thousand Haitians are still languishing in prisons and army camps around the country. There have been escape and suicide attempts, hunger strikes, and reports of chronic depression, inadequate medical care, and harassment and beatings by guards. In New York City and Miami, civil libertarians have taken the federal government to court, calling the detention policy discriminatory and citing gross violations of due process. On April 20, after ten months of imprisonment, twenty-two women on hunger strike at Krome Avenue Detention Facility in Miami wrote a despairing letter to the National Emergency Coalition for Haitian Refugees, saying: "We fled burning fire in Haiti only to find hell in America."

It is not surprising that the Haitians, many of whom are illiterate and speak only Creole, find the legal system in America as impenetrable in its own way as the autocracy of Jean-Claude Duvalier, Haiti's self-proclaimed President-for-life. Prisoners sit listless day after day on their bunks, serving a sentence they don't understand and waiting for a decision they can't affect. Meanwhile, the Administration wrangles with civil rights groups about the Haitians' status. The Haitians are just as determined not to return to Haiti as the INS is to deport them.

"What does the Statue of Liberty stand for in New York?" the Krome hunger strikers demand. "Why doesn't it apply to us?" Lawyers and organizations representing the Haitians dispute the government's distinction between political refugees and gate-crashers who are simply fleeing poverty and seeking a better life. Certainly the economic conditions in Haiti are abysmal: it has a per capita income of about $300 per year, an illiteracy rate of more than 85 percent, and the worst health conditions in the hemisphere. But the U.S. courts as well as critics of Administration policy say that it is primarily Duvalier's hoodlum government that is responsible for the Haitians' flight to America. Amnesty International's 1981 report on Haiti describes a distinct pattern of political oppression and human rights abuses: arbitrary arrests, torture, and prolonged detention without trial of opposition lead-

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ers, journalists, union organizers, and ordinary citizens. There is no freedom of speech, no free press, no independent legal system; indeed, Freedom House rates Haiti as less free than Cuba. Duvalier's *tonton-macoutes*, the men in the mirrored sunglasses, are brutally effective in quelling dissent. Although the State Department has officially refused to acknowledge the extent of political oppression in Haiti, a former State Department desk officer testified in Judge James L. King's 1980 case, *Haitian Refugee Center* v. *Civiletti*, that Duvalier's was "the most repressive government in the Americas." Last year the U.S. government increased pressure on Duvalier to cease the persecution of returnees. But there is some evidence that although Haitians and members of their families are no longer imprisoned or abused by the *tonton-macoutes* immediately upon return, mistreatment sometimes resumes after they have been sent back to their isolated villages.

DESPITE REPEATED claims over the past seventeen years of racial discrimination and willful neglect in processing the Haitians' requests for asylum, the United States government has consistently denied that the Haitians are being treated differently from other illegal migrants. The facts show that this is simply not true. Testifying in *Haitian Refugee Center*, Bryan Walsh, director of Catholic Charities for the Archdiocese of Miami, who had spent twenty-four years working with refugees in Florida, said that of all the immigrant groups—European war orphans, Hungarians, Cubans, Indochinese, Nicaraguans, and others—the Haitians alone had been consistently denied asylum. And according to Judge King, the Haitian Program, which was set up by the INS in 1978 to dispose of a large backlog of asylum claims, was established "for the sole purpose of expediting review of Haitian asylum applications and expelling Haitians from the United States. By its very nature and intent, that process was prejudicial and discriminatory. In its particulars, the process violated the Haitians' due process rights." (Last month, on May 24, Judge King's ruling was upheld in an Atlanta court of appeals.)

The Reagan Administration has continued this unjust practice. Prior to Judge Alcee Hastings's ruling in another Miami case in 1981 (which stated that hearings for Haitians could not be held in the absence of an attorney), mass hearings in which the migrants were hustled in and out of court, thirty at a time, had been standard. And according to testimony presented on March 5 in the current New York case, of the 175 non-Haitian requests for release into the community pending hearings, 174 were granted. The single exception was a man who withdrew his application and returned home voluntarily. Out of 86 Haitian requests, only five were granted—all on behalf of pregnant women about to give birth.

The INS agrees that the length of detainment for the Haitians is unconscionable. It has two responses to offer, both of them unsatisfactory. The first is that the Haitians are free to return home whenever they wish. The second is that the delay is caused by a combination of the cumbersome exclusionary process, which requires the State Department to make an advisory decision on each individual's application for asylum before the immigration judge can hear the case, and Judge Hastings's requirement that each Haitian have a lawyer to represent him.

"We believe in immigration," says Duke Austin, an official at INS, "but we believe in legalized, controlled immigration." We believe in legal immigration too. And we don't underestimate the awesome task of developing and executing a balanced system of processing illegal migrants that is efficient, thorough, and just. But we also believe in America's historic, moral, and legal commitment to the protection of those who are fleeing persecution for reasons of race, religion, or political belief. That some two thousand Haitians who were desperate enough to risk their lives at sea have become hopeless prisoners in our custody can only be judged a national disgrace.

The Administration's distinction between economic and political refugees seems a highly dubious one in the Haitians' case. The U.S. government, intent upon maintaining cordial relations with Haiti, has been squeamish about investigating the abuses of Papa Doc Duvalier and his son, and has willfully disregarded the facts about Haiti's bloody dictatorship. Whether or not the Haitians were "economic" refugees when they left Haiti, they are surely political refugees now: any Haitian who claims asylum abroad is considered guilty of insulting the Duvalier family. Would the Haitians return to safety, or to persecution at the hands of Baby Doc's goon squads? That question alone is reason enough to open the doors of our jails, and our country.

NOTEBOOK

□ WE REPORTED IN THIS COLUMN on May 12 that the White House had demanded equal time to rebut Bill Moyers' CBS documentary on welfare cuts, "People Like Us." Since then, TNR's Fairness in Media SWAT team has been working around the clock to find a suitable beneficiary of the Reagan revolution for Moyers to profile. We found our man in the May issue of the *Washington Dossier*, the official chronicle of the Capital elite: "When we stopped by Blair Lee's home near Silver Spring to shoot the cover photograph, he was in the middle of an interview with a local PBS show, his stockbroker was on the telephone anxiously awaiting a decision, and his springer spaniel, Sam, and a neighbor's dog, Tara, wanted to romp with him in

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the fields. If three years out of the public spotlight haven't changed the pace of his life, they've changed the emphasis. Travel and other responsibilities still tug at the former Maryland governor's schedule. But today, he spends more time at home, with his family and five dogs, gardening parts of his five acres. For almost three hundred years, the home, the family, the creatures and the land have been the legacy of this country's landed gentry, old families like the Blairs and the Lees. Some things never change."

□ FIFTY YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC: "Those who might buy stocks and bonds have no confidence that these pieces of paper represent safe investments, or will ever go any higher. Depositors fear that banks will fail. Banks do not dare to lend against investment securities, real estate, or business prospects. Wage earners who still have jobs are afraid that they may lose them, or that their pay will be further cut. Manufacturers are afraid to start new enterprises or enlarge output, lest the resulting goods cannot be sold at a profit. Builders fear that new hotels, office and loft buildings, apartments or individual homes, would not be filled. These are perfectly definite and, in most cases, reasonable fears." (The Editors, "Confidence," June 15, 1932.)

High-rise gospel on Park Avenue.

Faith, Hope, And Realty

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S, one of the most architecturally elegant and socially correct of New York's elegant and correct Episcopal parishes, has taken a dramatic, and to some a disturbing, plunge into the real estate market. Not that anyone objects in principle to churches dabbling in real estate. God knows, the churches of New York have always kept pace with other well-endowed speculators; a sizable piece of Manhattan is now owned by the Catholic and Episcopal churches. And among New Yorkers, land finds more buyers than religion. But St. Bartholomew's has taken that truism a step further. The church, which sits on the last undeveloped lot on lower Park Avenue, has come up with a plan to tear down its parish house and lease the land to a private developer for the construction of a fifty-nine-story glass tower, for which it will receive nine-and-a-half million dollars a year in ground rent.

The movement to stop the tower, which will both fill up the last spot of open sky left in that part of town and greatly diminish the delicate architecture of the landmark church, is likely to become the chief architectural preservation battle of the decade. The plan for the tower was met immediately by the almost unanimous condemnation of the city's patrician cultural establishment. It is now the object of several lawsuits, and many more will follow.

AT THE CENTER of this controversy is Saint Bartholomew's rector, the Reverend Thomas Bowers, a maverick Southern minister brought in by the diocese four years ago to revitalize the ailing parish. The tower is his idea. Bowers is quick to explain that with the extra funds, the church would be better able to help the poor. The plan is for half the money to go directly to the Episcopal Diocese of New York, which would then pass much of it on to impoverished churches around the city, particularly in Harlem and the South Bronx. The half remaining with St. Bart's would be used to advance Bowers's notion of an activist ministry, and to expand such programs as the soup kitchen he already has operating in the church basement. Bowers dismisses as "idolatry" his opponents' concern for the architectural integrity of the present church building. "I think the Lord calls us to use the resources we have in his ministry for people, to care for them, to touch them, to heal them, to do the very things that He did. You can't read Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and not understand what He did. He never once said, 'Let's build a building,' never."

But current law in New York City is on the side of the idolators. To realize its plan, St. Bart's will have to demolish the community house which adjoins the church, and then build the tower over the church. Since both the church and the community house are designated landmarks, the tower will have to have the approval of the city's Landmarks Commission. Also, because of its height, the tower will need zoning variances from the city's planning commission. If the church loses at either point, it will appeal, Bowers says, and, if necessary, he will take the matter to the Supreme Court, arguing the doctrine of separation of church and state.

The plan is being fought by an impressive array of opponents who have the money and the power to keep the matter in the courts for years. The foremost opponents include architect Philip Johnson; *New Yorker* critic Brendan Gill, who is also an architect by training; investment banker J. Sinclair Armstrong, who leads the opposition within the congregation; Brooke Astor, New York's grande dame of cultural philanthropy; the management of the neighboring Waldorf Astoria; a number of real estate developers whose concerns are more economic than aesthetic; and, inevitably, Jacqueline Onassis, whose efforts in the 1970s put an end to plans to build a tower atop Grand Central Station, a case which did wind up in the Supreme Court.

For the opponents, Saint Bartholomew's is essentially another Grand Central Station. At issue are both the architectural character of the original building and

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the physical quality of the city. And, more important, they point to the power of a city to control and direct its own growth, even when that power interferes with potential profit. That a church would reap the profit, opponents say, is beside the point.

THE CHURCH building is a lovely Byzantine-style structure built in 1919. Designed by Bertram Goodhue, the church displays the grand ebullience of an earlier, less urban and more urbane, Park Avenue. The community house, of the same style, was added ten years later. Since the war, the church, the community house, and the graceful terraced gardens have stood out against the encroachments of the new Park Avenue. To those who would preserve the church undisturbed, St. Bart's represents a welcome exception to the monotonous glass and steel of the corporate strip, a badly needed human artifact which offsets the machine-made monuments that line the avenue.

And now Bowers and his flock want to erect one of these glass jobs in the backyard, and bury the church under fifty-nine stories of mediocre, mass-produced architecture. As a sop to the traditionalists, Bowers and his architect have decided to paste the original facade of the demolished community house back onto the base of the tower, a gesture that only adds to the intrusive effect of the structure. In the drawings the tower has the appearance of having been accidently dropped on top of the community house by a passing spaceship. According to Bowers, the tower "will show the church off better. . . . We would never—in no way, as far as I can see—detract from the church."

But most leading members of the architectural community announced last year that they would have nothing to do with a building on that site. And the American Institute of Architects has taken the unusual step of denouncing the plan. The architect, Peter Capone, is the senior partner of Edward Durell Stone Associates, a firm which has felt the sting of public disfavor before. Stone designed the kitchy Huntington Hartford Gallery of Modern Art on Columbus Circle, an object of derision to New York architects.

Philip Johnson, for one, is willing to give Capone the benefit of the doubt. Ever the gentleman (and an old friend of the architect), Johnson says that Capone "did an excellent job with an impossible program," but adds, "It's impossible to hang a building over another building, and say that you are preserving that building. That's to destroy it, surely."

Brendan Gill is less charitable. He says, "It's our good fortune that there could hardly be a more hideous building, especially at that site. It will effectively destroy the aesthetic value of the skyline of the neighboring General Electric Building and the Waldorf Astoria." And Gill considers Bowers's rumblings about idolatry "absolutely indefensible. . . . From the earliest times, there has been no way to separate the practice of the Christian religion from the presence of a house of God. In every village, town, and city, the house of God was the very focus of the community. It has been the citadel of civilization for two thousand years."

Philip Johnson also dismisses Bowers's religious posturing, and adds that "even for unbelievers, St. Peter's in Rome is a center of inspiration and greatness—or Notre Dame in Paris. They show that architecture is important. Those places are not merely religious symbols. They are gathering places for a whole people."

Bowers would agree, but only to a point. "There are a few fantastic examples of that kind of structure throughout the world which are magnificent; and I'm certainly not one for tearing them down, but the main purpose of the church is not to build edifices. They do have the power to inspire and to give life, but, in the first place I don't think, as magnificent as St. Bart's is, that it is one of those, and, secondly, the church itself is not going to be touched. What they do, they talk as if we're tearing down the church."

The opponents do talk in terms of the church being "destroyed." They have generally glossed over the fact that only the community house will be affected and that the church structure itself will stand apart from, if partly underneath, the tower. But for the opposition, there is a very real sense that the church will be destroyed by the tower, and hyperbole characterizes this struggle on both sides, with tower opponents arguing for the preservation of valuable architecture and tower advocates quoting Scripture.

Bowers, for his part, seems to have no idea what all the fuss is about. When his opposition and the local press intimate that this may simply be the wrong building in the wrong place, he dismisses such criticism as elitist and insensitive to the needs of the poor. He is all the more shocked and dismayed that most of his opponents, whom he refers to as "those people who think themselves fancy people, at the top of society," are in fact certifiable liberals.

MANY BELIEVE that Bowers is the wrong minister in the wrong place. Originally from Tidewater, Virginia, he began his religious career by ministering to poor dirt farmers around rural Virginia, then spent the 1960s in Washington and the 1970s in Atlanta. He is an incongruous blend of Southern fundamentalist fervor, impassioned liberalism, Washington political savvy, and mint-julep charm.

But Bowers's peach-blossom presentation has increasingly been betrayed by the hard-ball politician lurking beneath. He has made it clear that he is in this fight to win. He has dismissed church officers who opposed him and has cleansed the voting rolls of old-line parishioners who might disagree with his mission. During the last year, the eligible voters in the church have declined from over two thousand to slightly over seven hundred. When the congregation was finally polled about the tower last December, the

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pro-tower faction won 374 to 354.

Bowers's determination of voter eligibility within the parish was challenged in court. The court ruled in favor of Bowers, but arguments continue in a variety of cases that have arisen over the tower, including suits by various neighbors against the church and a suit by Bowers against his opponents in the parish for drawing off potential financial support.

Another issue in court is the church's accounting. Bowers has refused the parish opposition access to the church's books—no small point, since the financial state of the parish is another central element in the dispute. When he isn't pushing his view of an expanded ministry for the church, Bowers is claiming extreme economic necessity, arguing that the church will have to close its doors in ten years if it doesn't build its tower. The vestry has reported that the church needs $7.5 million in repairs over the next few years.

This argument, however, may be tough to substantiate. With an endowment of $12.5 million, St. Bartholomew's is already one of the wealthiest churches in the country. And Bowers's opponents within the congregation have come up with a much smaller repair bill. They also point to certain church outlays—among others, the expensive church-owned co-op on Park Avenue where Bowers lives—that they feel belie the church's claim of economic hardship.

Further, there is the question of alternative sources of funding. The church has been offered substantial support from a variety of sources to forestall the construction of the tower. Some came with strings attached, including one reported offer from a wealthy parishioner that would require Bowers's departure. None would allow Bowers the autonomy he seems to need. The church has not pursued the offers further.

Whatever the merits of Bowers's plan, he is pitching it to the wrong people. Because of the building boom of the past few years, the sun has simply ceased to shine at street level for wide areas of midtown. Even the grand boulevard of Park Avenue is in shade much of the day; and as more new architecture has gone up in New York, people have grown increasingly fond of the old buildings that remain, and increasingly anxious about their survival. As evidenced by recent efforts to block the demolition of the Morosco and Helen Hayes theaters, they are willing to devote considerable energy to saving them.

Bowers's critics say that he has much to gain personally from the success of his building plans. Given Bowers's bumptious style, they find it hard to believe that his stated concern for the poor is altogether altruistic. Brendan Gill considers Bowers's plan to aid the poor "simply a smoke screen and a cruel one." If Bowers gets his tower, he will be sitting on top of a small empire. He will be a power to be reckoned with in New York City, in the diocese, and in the Episcopal Church nationally. Bowers has let it be known that he is planning to establish a television ministry out of St. Bartholomew's. His weekly televised sermons in Atlanta won him a wide audience and some political prestige. (He was even approached about running for mayor at one point.) In New York Bowers has already achieved a small following among black and Hispanic churches that would become the beneficiaries of his new wealth.

Bowers's opponents fear that if the church falls as a landmark, then the city's landmark law itself will fall with it. Bowers has so far managed to ride the anti-preservation backlash. Out of the bottom-line fever that has overtaken much of the political thinking in this country has come the notion that architecture is only useful if it makes money. Although Bowers himself doesn't embrace that idea, he has taken up the chant of the local real estate lobby to win political ground. If he wins, then they will win even bigger, and the rest of us will lose, and not just on Park Avenue.

PETER LEMOS

Peter Lemos is a free-lance journalist living in New York who writes on architectural subjects.

Bang bang, you're sick.

SHOOTING THE SHRINK

FOR GENERATIONS, psychiatric masters ruled over their slaves and were acclaimed by the world as saviors. Now, some of the slaves seem to be revolting, and, apparently with increasing frequency, are murdering the meddling medicos.

Why should psychiatrists be assaulted and killed by their patients? For two obvious reasons, both of which the psychiatrists and the public steadfastly deny. One reason is that psychiatrists often deal with violent persons (whose behavior the psychiatrists categorize as mental illness); the other is that these persons are regularly subjected to psychiatric counterviolence (which the psychiatrists categorize as mental hospitalization and treatment).

A report on "The Dangerous Patient" in the February 1 issue of *Frontiers of Psychiatry*, published by the Roche pharmaceutical company, illustrates the currently fashionable psychiatric dogma equating violence with mental illness. The report describes the work of Drs. Stuart L. Brown and Joe P. Tupin, two University of California psychiatrists who have been trying to develop a "clinical model for the violent patient." Among the "populations" examined by these

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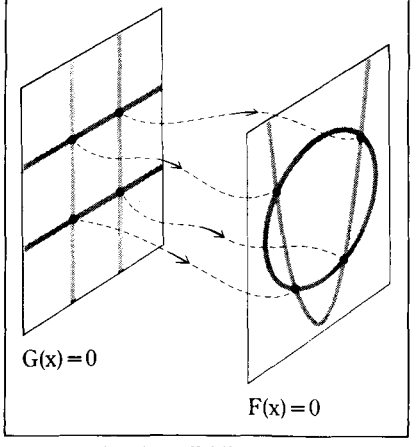
The Continuation Method

The need to solve systems of polynomial equations arises in pursuits ranging from geometric optics to chemical kinetics. A practical method of solution, developed at the General Motors Research Laboratories, provides designers of mechanical parts with a new capability.

Two equations in two unknowns



The two pairs of parallel lines of G(x) = 0 evolve into the parabola and ellipse of F(x) = 0.

The three pairs of parallel planes of G(x) = 0 evolve into the paraboloid, ellipsoid and cylinder of F(x) = 0.

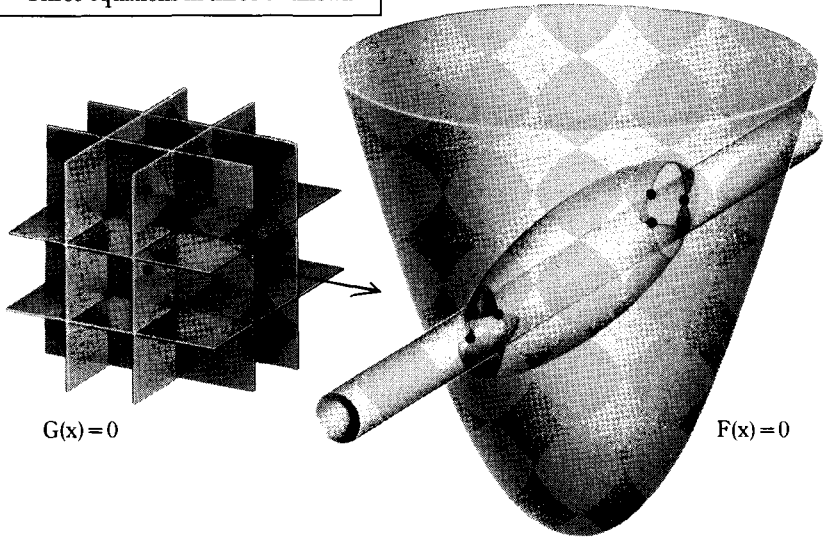
CLASSICALLY difficult non-linear equations—those made up of polynomial expressions—can now be solved with reliability and speed. Recent advances in the mathematics of continuation methods at the General Motors Research Laboratories have practical implications for a wide range of scientific and engineering problems. The immediate application at General Motors is in mechanical design. The new method finds all eight solutions to three quadric equations in a few tenths of a second—fast enough for computer-aided design on a moment-to-moment basis. Algorithms based on this method are critical to the functioning of GMSOLID, an interactive design system which models the geometric characteristics of automotive parts.

Systems of non-linear equations have been solved for many years by "hit or miss" *local* methods. The method developed at General Motors by Dr. Alexander Morgan is distinguished by being *global* and *exhaustive*. Local methods depend on an initial estimate of the solution. They proceed by iterative modifications of this estimate to converge to a solution. However, success is not guaranteed, because there are generally no practical guidelines for making an initial choice that will ensure convergence. Reliability is further compromised when multiple solutions are sought.

Global methods, by contrast, do not require an initial estimate of the solution. The continuation method, as developed by Dr. Morgan, is not only global, but also exhaustive in that, assuming exact arithmetic, it guarantees convergence to all solutions. The convergence proof rests on principles from the area of mathematics called differential topology.

Here is the way continuation works. Suppose we want to solve a system $F(x) = 0$. We begin by generating a simpler system $G(x) = 0$ which we can both solve and continuously evolve into $F(x) = 0$. It is important that we select a G properly, so the process will converge. Dr. Morgan has devised a method for selecting G which gives rapid convergence and reliable computational behavior. He first applied a theorem established by Garcia and

Three equations in three unknowns



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Zangwill to select G. However, the resulting algorithm could not achieve the speed and computational reliability necessary for several applications. Next, he utilized some ideas from algebraic geometry—"homogenous coordinates" and "complex projective space"—to prove a new theorem for selecting G. The result of Dr. Morgan's efforts is a practical numerical method based on solid mathematical principles with innate reliability.

Reliability is the critical element for mathematical methods embedded in large computer programs, because errors may not become evident until after they have ruined a large data structure compiled at great expense and effort. Speed is also important to economical real-time implementation. This method has proved to be reliable and fast in solving problems involving equations up to the sixth degree in three or four variables. However, there are obvious practical limitations on the number of equations and their degree, due to the limited precision of computer arithmetic and computer resource availability.

THE FIGURES illustrate the transition from simple $G(x)=0$ to final $F(x)=0$. In both figures, the "simplicity" of $G(x)=0$ is reflected graphically in its linear structure—seen as lines and planes. The non-linearity of $F(x)=0$ is seen in the curvature of the final shapes in each figure.

In figure 1, the four dots on the left plane represent the set of simultaneous solutions to the system of equations $G(x)=0$. The four dots on the right plane represent the set of simultaneous solutions to the system of equations $F(x)=0$. The dashed lines represent simultaneous solutions to intermediate systems whose graphs would show the evolution from one configuration to the other. With the addition of a third dimension in figure 2, the number of dots representing simultaneous solutions doubles. Representation of the transitional points, as in figure 1, would require a fourth dimension.

"Continuation methods, although well known to mathematicians," says Dr. Morgan, "are not widely used in science and engineering. Acoustics, kinematics and non-linear circuit design are just a few fields that could benefit immediately. I expect to see much greater use of this mathematical tool in the future."

THE MAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. Alexander Morgan is a Senior Research Scientist in the Mathematics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Morgan received his graduate degrees from Yale University in the field of differential topology. His Ph.D. thesis concerned the geometry of differential manifolds. Prior to joining General Motors in 1978, he taught mathematics at the University of Miami in Florida and worked as an analyst at the Department of Energy's Savannah River Plant in South Carolina.

While serving in the U.S. Army, Dr. Morgan participated in the development and analysis of simulation models at the Strategy and Tactics Analysis Group in Bethesda, Maryland.

Dr. Morgan's current research interests include the qualitative theory of ordinary differential equations and the numerical solution of non-linear equations.

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doctors were "people already proven violent," such as "multiple-time murderers, one-time murderers, [and] repeatedly violent mental hospital patients." Unexamined, and unexaminable, was the premise of this sort of "research": that such persons are mad, not bad.

What do Brown and Tupin recommend to their fellow psychiatrists as the best way to "treat" such "patients"? Subduing them by brute force and brain-damaging chemicals. Tupin, we are told, "considers the use of restraints and seclusion . . . the most effective measures for treating violent patients." He "believes that restrained patients should be sedated immediately. . . . 'We give them sedatives as soon as we can, even if it's on the floor through their clothes,' he said."

To psychiatrists that may seem like therapy, but to patients it is likely to seem like assault. The stubborn fact is that violence is violence, regardless of whether it is called psychiatric illness or psychiatric treatment.

MANY OF THE articles now appearing in the psychiatric literature emphasize the violence of "psychotic" patients and the psychiatric efforts to control it with "anti-psychotic" drugs. This seems to go hand in hand with the psychotics increasing their attacks on the psychiatrists. For example, the January 15 *Psychiatric News*, the American Psychiatric Association's biweekly newspaper, ran a feature article titled, "When a Psychiatrist Is Murdered." The story begins with an account of a single three-week period in 1981 in which three psychiatrists were murdered by patients. "Assaults on psychiatrists in this country," we learn, "are more frequent than is usually assumed." Revealingly, the writer adds that such attacks are frequent "even among 'low-risk' therapists who are in private practice and do not have to make decisions regarding incarceration, continued incarceration, or commitment of volatile patients." Note that a feature article in an official publication of the American Psychiatric Association now uses the term "incarceration" to identify a practice that until recently psychiatrists insisted on calling "mental hospitalization." The writer's implicit acknowledgment that people incarcerated by psychiatrists might have a grievance against their jailers is another new (and possibly hopeful) development in the doctrinal literature of psychiatry.

COMING:

Those Wonderful

Watergate Years.

How often do so-called psychiatric patients attack their psychiatrists? A recent study reported in the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, also published by the American Psychiatric Association, revealed that of 101 psychiatrists surveyed, about 25 percent had been attacked by a patient during a single year, and that almost 75 percent of the respondents had been attacked by a patient at some time during their careers.

SIMILAR DATA abound. *Psychiatric News* refers to unpublished information from the Veterans Administration, according to which there were 12,000 patient assaults on hospital staff during a recent five-year period. In the opinion of Dr. John R. Lion, who is a member of the department of psychiatry at the University of Maryland School of Medicine, "assaults are underreported." In an actual study of assaults at a state hospital, staff reported 40 such occurrences, but when the investigators examined daily ward reports, they discovered an additional 237 assaults. "Gathering statistics about assaults is quite difficult," says Lion, "because nobody takes much interest in the subject."

But it's not quite so simple. Psychiatrists now suffer from their own success as rhetoricians: they have insisted on classifying assaults committed by mental patients as mental symptoms—and the public is increasingly inclined to view violence committed by mental patients not as violence but as "illness." Indeed, John Lion mentions that he "recently spoke to officials at OSHA [the Occupational Safety and Health Administration] and found they couldn't care less about getting involved with unsafe conditions in mental hospitals for staff due to patient assaults. They said it's not their responsibility, they take care of mechanical conditions related to on-the-job safety."

This is exactly where the medicalization of violence must lead, and it serves the psychiatrists right that they too should suffer from the mischief they have wrought. Psychiatrists have maintained that when a "mental patient" is violent, his violence is but a symptom, like the cough of a patient with tuberculosis. Ergo, if patients are not held responsible for injuring their doctors by giving them tuberculosis, why should they be held responsible for injuring them by giving them a black eye?

The popular acceptance of the view that assaults committed by mental patients are, ipso facto, the symptoms of mental illness, best "treated" with "anti-psychotic" drugs, is reflected by the way reports of such violence, in the media and in the publications of mental health groups, refract and thus subtly reinterpret the phenomena at hand. A pamphlet published in March by the "Alliance for the Mentally Ill of Greater Milwaukee" is typical. It is devoted to pleading for less restrictive civil commitment laws—in particular, for not hampering parents in their efforts to incarcerate psychiatrically their adult children. To support this argument, the Milwaukee group's president cites two

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case histories. The first story begins as follows: "Mr. D. had a long history of *mental illness* and adamantly refused voluntary treatment. His parents tried the 3 party petition after a particularly *violent* episode" (emphasis added). The second story echoes the same theme. "Mr. D. H. suffered from severe *mental illness.* After *attacking* and injuring his mother, his parents initiated a 3 party petition" (emphasis added). The writer concludes by affirming her faith that the "reforms" she proposes would "save the County a great deal of money, keep the mentally ill out of the jails and court system, greatly reduce recidivism, and enable more mentally ill people to return to productive, fulfilled lives."

But the persons described in the above document are not patients but criminals, most of whom cannot "return" to "productive" and "fulfilled" lives—if for no other reason than that they never had such lives.

One more example of the frequency with which psychiatric violence now appears as a featured subject in the psychiatric literature should suffice. In the February issue of the *American Journal of Psychiatry*, three articles are devoted to this subject. One of them, "Assaultive Behavior Among Chronic Inpatients," is the report of a study of five thousand patients who had resided for longer than one month in one of two large state hospitals in New York State. The authors found that "7 percent [of those patients] were assaultive toward other persons in the hospital at least once in the three months preceding the survey." To anyone familiar with madhouses, the news that such "hospitals" are not exactly places of safety for patients or staff will hardly come as a surprise. If anything about any of this is surprising, it is that psychiatrists—perhaps because they are becoming worried about their own safety—are now discussing patient violence in a way they never did in the past. "This major finding," the authors conclude, "suggests that assault is a serious problem in hospitals . . . we hope that our findings will alert the staff of psychiatric hospitals to the need to develop expertise in the psychological and physical management of assaultive patients."

ANOTHER of the articles is a report on "Case Detection of Abused Elderly Parents." It discusses several new diseases afflicting Americans, such as the "battered elder syndrome," the "battered parent syndrome," "grandparent abuse," and "granny bashing." The ugliness of these psychiatric labels reflects the ugliness of the thinking, if one can call such childish conceits thinking, that lies behind them. The beating, chaining, burning, and robbing of parents and grandparents is here categorized as "geriatric abuse" which, according to the authors, points to the need "to define and evaluate services that the abused elderly and their families require." To the theologians of mental hygiene, every new atrocity is a fresh opportunity for professional self-aggrandizement and personal gain: "The mental health fields need to teach personnel the communication and observational skills required to deal with the hostility and denial likely to be encountered in the homes of abused elderly."

The third article on psychiatric violence inveighs against court-ordered restraints on doctors with respect to the involuntary drugging of mental hospital patients. Its author, an attorney, presents several admonitory tales about the dire consequences of complying with the committed patient's wish not to be drugged. The first such tale concerns "Mr. A," who was admitted "in an acutely psychotic state . . . refused anti-psychotic medication and was not forcibly medicated. . . . [He] deteriorated to the point that he violently attacked an attendant, fracturing his facial bone. Later he attacked another attendant, injuring his cervical spine."

DURING THE 1960s, psychiatrists indulged in a veritable orgy of self-congratulation, celebrating their newly won therapeutic powers acquired through the alleged miraculous effects of the "anti-psychotic" drugs. These drugs, so the public was told, transformed the odious snake pits of yesterday, where the insane were abused, into the peaceful mental hospitals of today, where the "truly sick" are humanely cared for. But those are merely flattering and mellifluous words. The brutal and ugly facts behind them won't go away. Psychiatric violence remains pervasive: mental hospital patients continue to assault each other, the hospital staff, and their relatives, and the psychiatrists continue to assault the patients. Almost in spite of themselves, it seems, psychiatrists are beginning to realize that their pseudo-medical categories are inadequate to describe the violence attendant upon their work—especially when that violence is directed against members of their own profession. It will no doubt take longer for psychiatrists to be equally honest about their own violence. Sooner or later, though, both psychiatrists and the public will have to understand that the handling of violence of any kind cannot forever be kept away from the system society has evolved to deal with violence—that is, the legal system, with its insistence on individual responsibility and its web of rights, trials, judgments, and punishments. In the meantime, one can only hope that the escalation of this *danse macabre* of psychiatric violence—and the psychiatrists' stubborn mystifications of its elements as constituting, respectively, psychiatric illness and psychiatric treatments—will, perhaps, at last expose the Potemkin villages of psychiatry for the shams they are.

THOMAS SZASZ

Thomas Szasz is professor of psychiatry at the Upstate Medical Center of the State University of New York. His most recent book is *Sex by Prescription* (Penguin).

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The persecution of the 'infidels.'

Attack On The Bahais

THROUGHOUT Iran, war is being waged against the Bahai religion. The overt assault began in August 1978, a few months before the overthrow of the Shah, when Savak, the secret police, anxious to divert the anger of the populace from the government, provoked anti-Bahai riots in Shiraz. In the years since the establishment of the Islamic Republic, the situation has progressively deteriorated. On January 24, 1981, replying to a *New York Times* editorial that had denounced the execution in Iran of 111 Bahais over the past three years, the *Tehran Times* blustered: "The former Shah always tried to employ mercenaries, Tudeh Party traitors, Bahais and Zionists. . . . The West must know that all its mercenaries will eventually be caught and, if necessary, executed even if their number reaches 111,000."

Iranian state-owned radio and television and the state-controlled press have endorsed every measure that has been taken against the Bahais and have spared no effort to represent the Bahai faith as a subversive political movement in the service of Russia, Britain, the United States, and international Zionism. Fundamentalist mullahs see the very existence of the progressive Bahais as an affront to their strongest beliefs.

The Bahai community in Iran has lost all of its local centers, and its national headquarters in Tehran, as well as schools, cemeteries, and holy shrines around the country. Membership records, archives, memorabilia, and community funds have been confiscated, and many libraries, orphanages, and hospitals have been looted by gangs. Vandalism is common in places of religious and historical significance to the believers.

Individual Bahais have also come under attack. Some have been jeered at and stoned in the streets, others beaten with sticks and metal pipes. Several, including two brothers and a married couple, were doused with kerosene and burned to death. The list of cities and villages where atrocities have been committed is several pages long and reads like an Iranian gazetteer: Abhar, Babolsar, Chalus, Darakhsh, Fathabad, Gorgan, Hamadan, Jahrom, Kashan, Laljin, Maragheh, Neyriz, Piranshahr, Rostamrud, Shiraz, Tabriz, Urumiyeh, Valiabad, Yazd, Zanjan. . . .

In its early stages, the persecution of the Bahais seemed locally organized and directed. But evidence has been growing that a carefully conceived plan for the eradication of the Bahai faith from Iran has existed since the mid-1950s. The centers of anti-Bahai activity are clerically sponsored organizations that came into being nearly thirty years ago, in close cooperation with the Savak. One such organization is the Tabliqat-e-Eslami (Islamic Propaganda), whose purpose is to disrupt Bahai meetings, prevent the conversion of Moslems to the Bahai religion, and generally harass the Bahai community. It is ironic that this group later was to become a training ground for antigovernment activists who used Tabliqat-e-Eslami to good advantage in their struggle against the Shah.

But the Tabliqat-e-Elsami has not forgotten its anti-Bahai past. Having become an influential organization in postrevolutionary Iran, with connections at the highest levels of government, the Tabliqat-e-Eslami has been ideally placed to realize its old hopes of destroying the Bahais. Three means have been used to achieve this end. The first was to deny the Bahai community space. It was believed that without centers, unable to meet except in very small groups, and lacking recreational and social facilities for the youth, the Bahai community would gradually suffocate. The second was to deprive the Bahai community of funds. The third was to destroy it by killing its leaders. The centers, meeting places, all other physical facilities, and funds were expropriated in 1979. Systematic killing began in 1980.

In Tabriz, Tehran, Hamadan, Shiraz, Yazd, and several other cities and towns, most of the members of the local assemblies (democratically elected bodies that administer Bahai communities) and a number of other leading Bahais have been arrested and tried on such outlandish charges as collaboration with imperialists and Zionists, promotion of prostitution, corruption on earth, and warring against God and His Messenger. All have been found guilty, condemned to death, and promptly executed.

THE EVENTS in Yazd, the scene of bloody persecutions in 1903, in which hundreds of Bahais lost their lives, were especially poignant. The populace was again aroused by the mullahs. At the instigation of Ayatollah Sadduqi, an inveterate scourge of all infidels and particularly of Bahais, six members of the Bahai Assembly of Yazd and an 85-year-old visitor from a nearby village were accused of being foreign spies and tried in front of television cameras, affording the public an extraordinary glimpse into the workings of Islamic clerical justice. No substantive evidence was ever introduced. The prosecution's case rested entirely on hearsay, which proved sufficient for the judges to convict all seven. The defendants maintained to the end that their only crime was adherence to the Bahai religion. The court offered to dismiss the charges and release the defendants if they recanted. They indignantly refused the offer and reaffirmed their faith. They were executed at dawn on September 7, 1981.

"Kill ye the infidels," began the statement of the Islamic Revolutionary Court of Yazd issued that same day. The people of Iran, it continued, "will no longer sit indifferently and allow that, in the country that is the cradle of Islam and is governed by the Koran, a group of hired agents tread upon the blood of the martyrs, serve the U.S. and Israel the usurper, and

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betray Islam and the Koran." The Court declared that the execution of the seven was a warning to the enemies of Islam and Iran.

While the trial was underway in Yazd, the nine members of the Bahais' governing body, the Assembly of the Bahais of Iran, were abducted and disappeared without a trace. All inquiries into their disappearance have proved fruitless, and they must be presumed dead. Eight of their nine successors on the National Assembly were executed in December 1981. In January 1982, six members of the Bahai Assembly of Tehran were put to death, along with a woman in whose home they had been meeting.

Thousands of Bahais have written to the authorities protesting the murder of their leaders and reaffirming their loyalty to the nation, their nonparticipation in partisan politics, their commitment to the rule of law, and their determination to adhere to their faith even at the cost of their lives. National Bahai assemblies from more than one hundred countries joined in the protest and sent cables to the Ayatollah Khomeini, urging him to stop the executions or to produce evidence that any of the executed Bahais had been guilty of the crimes attributed to them.

Through the summer and fall of 1981, the scope of the persecutions widened. More than 10,000 Bahais have been driven out of their homes. Many have found refuge with friends and relatives, but thousands have camped in flimsy tents in the open country, exposed to the elements and the danger of starvation. In the larger cities, many have had their assets frozen by the banks. Hundreds of teachers, army officers, and government employees have been laid off, and retired employees have lost their pensions. Hospitals have fired many Bahai doctors and nurses, depriving the population of much needed services.

ONE OF THE most distressing and sinister aspects of the anti-Bahai campaign has been the systematic assault on Bahai children. The Ministry of Education has taken measures to "guide them to the right path." One Bahai mother in Yazd writes:

> It is not uncommon for two or three instructors of religious classes or trained ideologists of the Ministry of Education, as well as a number of students, to join forces and suddenly attack a Bahai child of ten or eleven years. With all their power they try to shatter the very foundation of his beliefs. They will argue with him for hours and even use unfair methods to guide him. . . . Sometimes such discussions . . . take place in the classroom. The teacher begins with a barrage of insults and calumnies against the Faith. The child, of course, does not passively accept these insults—he reacts. . . . Impressive responses are given by the Bahai child, which often make the teacher speechless. . . . The teacher then becomes angrier and he leaves the classroom and consults with other teachers who come to his rescue. . . . Here are three of them attacking one young child.

Bahai children have been held up to ridicule and segregated in the classroom. Pointing at a 15-year-old girl, a teacher of religion announced: "Let it be known to all of you that Roya is defiled and untouchable, and none of you is to have any contact with her." Hundreds of Bahai children have been expelled from schools. Physical attacks have also been reported. In one or two small towns, school authorities went so far as to assist teachers of religion in kidnapping Bahai children whose parents were then informed that the children had been converted to Islam and did not wish ever to see them.

BAHAIS OUTSIDE Iran have appealed to the public and their governments to speak up in behalf of their endangered co-religionists. Appearing on August 28, 1981, before the United Nations Sub-Commission on Prevention of Discrimination and Protection of Minorities in Geneva, the representative of the Bahai International Community, an organization accredited with consultative status to the Economic and Social Council, gave a long list of instances of discrimination and persecution on purely religious grounds. The Sub-Commission adopted a resolution expressing "its profound concern for the perilous situation facing this religious community," and urging the Secretary General "to continue his efforts to persuade the Government of Iran to prevent further attacks on the Bahai Community and to grant them freedom." In a second resolution adopted on March 11, 1982, the Sub-Commission requested the Secretary General "to establish direct contact with the Government of Iran on the human rights situation prevailing in that country and to continue his efforts to ensure that the Bahais are guaranteed full enjoyment of their human rights and fundamental freedoms."

The hostility of a large segment of the Shiite clergy toward the Bahai faith is deeply ingrained. The mullahs will not be reconciled to the existence in Iran of a religion whose members have been recruited largely from Moslem ranks; revere Muhammad but deny the finality of his dispensation; believe in the progressive revelation of religious truth through an unending series of prophets; and believe in world peace and world government, the equality of races and sexes, tolerance and nonviolence, enlightenment and science. The mullahs know that the Bahais are not foreign agents—their accusations are designed only to justify their persecutions to the outside world. But they also know that the Bahais are agents of change, advocates of education, feminism, religious freedom, and social justice. Thus their hatred of the Bahais is both theological and ideological. The structure of their thought permits no toleration of divergent views.

The intensification of the war with Iraq, the struggles within the clerical regime, the continuing economic difficulties, and the growing need for outside support have made the Iranian government more conscious of international public opinion. No killings of

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Bahais were reported in February and March. But recently an insurance company refused to pay survivors' benefits to a Bahai widow, claiming that because of her religion she had no right to the property of her deceased husband. Another widow has been denied custody of her children on the same grounds. The government continues to dismiss Bahais from their jobs and encourages an economic boycott against businesses owned or run by the Bahais. And recently there have been reports of the execution of eight more Bahai leaders. There can be little doubt that the persecution of the Bahais will continue, and will claim additional victims, though one may hope that the pressure of world opinion may restrain its fury.

FIRUZ KAZEMZADEH

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The American House of Saud, III:
The making of a foreign agent.

DUTTON OF ARABIA

BY STEVEN EMERSON

IN WASHINGTON'S political establishment, Frederick G. Dutton appears to be the embodiment of respectability. His civic and government background is stellar, his reputation among journalists impeccable, his political skill remarkable, and his integrity largely unquestioned by supporters and critics alike. Fred Dutton is also the premier foreign agent for the government of Saudi Arabia. And because of his sterling personal qualifications as well as his influence with his clients, Dutton may even be the preeminent and most powerful foreign agent in the country.

Most of the nine hundred foreign lobbyists registered with the Department of Justice are engaged in activities that could be considered routine. They are paid by their foreign clients to secure special immigrant visas, to help change tariff schedules, to arrange press interviews, and even to disseminate tourist information. Rarely do foreign agents become key political spokesmen for other nations; even less frequently do they become architects of other nations' foreign political strategies. Fred Dutton's work on behalf of Saudi Arabia is a major exception.

Dutton's political career began in the 1950s, when he served in the campaigns of Adlai E. Stevenson and then as executive assistant to Governor Edmund G. (Pat) Brown of California. In 1961, after working for the election of John F. Kennedy, Dutton was appointed to be a special assistant to the President. He later moved to the State Department as Assistant Secretary for Congressional Relations. As one friend said, this "proved to be his best preparation for his current role. It gave him hundreds of key contacts." He resigned in 1964 and eventually set up his own law firm. The associates were all liberal Kennedy family devotees. One of them was Herb Schmertz, now vice president of Mobil Oil Corporation. When Schmertz moved to Mobil, he hired Dutton to provide intelligence and analysis of the "general political climate" in Washington. Dutton also suggested to Schmertz that Mobil sponsor the National Town Meetings, lively Washington discussions on domestic and foreign policy issues which feature journalists and high government officials. Mobil liked the idea, and hired Dutton to run the programs, which, until this year, had been broadcast regularly over National Public Radio. As William Safire discovered last year, because of the Mobil grant, Dutton has also been able "to sprinkle $500 to $1,000 honoraria over hundreds of Congressmen and Washington journalists."

In 1968 Dutton was one of Robert Kennedy's principal campaign advisers, and was at his side when he was assassinated. In 1972 he became a key aide in George McGovern's bid for the Presidency, and has maintained his contacts in the Democratic Party ever since. Dutton was also an early and active opponent of the Vietnam War.

In June 1975 Dutton registered as an agent for Saudi Arabia, first for Petromin, the Saudi state oil agency, and later in the year for the embassy itself. When he first signed up with the embassy of Saudi Arabia in November 1975, Dutton noted on his registration statement that he was "being retained for counseling

Steven Emerson, a Washington foreign policy analyst, is writing a book about petrodollar influence in the U.S. This investigation is the third in a series.

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and legal advice, not public information activities, which registrant understands will be the responsibility of others." Yet, in the seven years that Dutton has served as a Saudi agent, he has helped build an image of moderation and legitimacy for the Saudis, which they desperately sought after the ill will they engendered with the 1973 oil embargo. The Saudis have paid him handsomely: over $1.2 million—$400,000 in 1981 alone for him and his wife—including a virtually unlimited expense account.

DUTTON SAYS in his registration forms filed at the Department of Justice that his work consists primarily of legal advice and political counsel, not lobbying or public relations. In an interview, Dutton said, "Ninety-nine percent of my time and work, social or otherwise, is interfacing with the Saudis. I generally have avoided going up to the Hill, don't like it, and made clear I don't want that role. And, for example, I saw one senator and no congressman during the Awacs debate. As for a continuing [public relations] program, no."

Dutton has listed no more than five senators and representatives contacted on behalf of his Saudi clients. He has carefully nurtured the image of a lawyer-client relationship with the Saudis. And it is precisely that professional distance, coupled with his longstanding reputation for integrity, that has enabled him to retain his political credibility.

Some of Dutton's former associates were interviewed by Betty Cuniberti for an article that appeared last October in the *Los Angeles Times*. Frank Mankiewicz, president of National Public Radio, who is described by Cuniberti as "a close friend of Dutton from their high school days in California through the Bobby Kennedy and George McGovern campaigns to the present," said, "I assume someone is going to represent the Saudis. I'm glad it's Fred Dutton, because he's an honorable, decent, thoughtful fellow. Better him than some cut-throat lobbyist. I happen personally not to agree with his stand on Awacs. But would I make a moral judgment on Fred Dutton? Surely not."

Over the years Dutton has cultivated friendships with key senators and various former government officials, and with preeminent members of the national media, including, according to a *Wall Street Journal* article by Karen Elliot House, *Washington Post* editor Benjamin Bradlee, *New York Times* Washington bureau chief Bill Kovach, columnist Joseph Kraft, NBC anchorman Roger Mudd, CBS diplomatic correspondent Robert Pierpoint, and Elliot House herself. In addition to scores of other journalists and U.S. officials, they are guests at his frequent brunches and dinners. Even when Saudi policies are not discussed, the Saudis are well served by these social occasions. One senator says, "When I talk with Fred, I simply never have the feeling that I'm dealing with a foreign agent. I never have the suspicion that Fred Dutton could sell out this country's interest." Even members of Congress not friendly toward Saudi Arabia concede that Dutton has worked miracles for the Saudis. One prominent journalist who has been invited to numerous Dutton dinners says, "If Fred Dutton is their man, how bad can they be?" In 1978 the *New York Times* wrote that "Dutton has long been one of Washington's most useful and reliable sources for political reporters." At the *Washington Post*, Dutton is a well-known fixture, and one staffer says wryly that at the *Post*'s Monday editorial meetings, it's easy to tell who had brunch with Dutton the day before.

The Fred Dutton who works for the Saudis is generally perceived as an extension of the principled Fred Dutton who long ago became outspoken on a wider range of political matters, from freedom of speech to the Vietnam War. And, in the 1960s, according to friends, associates, and even Dutton himself, he was a strong supporter of Israel—even "uncritically pro-Israel," in Dutton's own words. Many of the people who know Dutton, including members of Congress and the press, view Dutton's contract with the Saudis as almost incidental. His popularity with journalists is sustained by his fund of imaginative ideas.

BUT DURING the Awacs debate, Dutton coined the slogan "Reagan or Begin," which reduced the controversy to an issue of national loyalty. And phrased in such terms, it unleashed undercurrents of anti-Semitism. What caused the change in Dutton's views on Israel to such an extent that he became an agent for Saudi Arabia? According to Dutton, it wasn't simply because a generous offer had been made. "The original contract was not that lucrative to begin with. . . . It has grown with time, as the amount of work, or let's say Saudi trust in me, has grown." He says that then-Senator William Fulbright had recommended him to the Saudis in 1973, and that his decision stemmed from a personal connection with Fulbright. "If almost anybody else had come to me and suggested I do it, no. I don't think I would have done it. It was unusual, but interesting. He was chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, I admired him, he identified the problem, and so I went over there. But I never even thought about the Arab world, the Middle East, other than from a very uncritical pro-Israeli position. I never thought about representing anybody abroad. All my business had been in California and Washington."

Dutton has long insisted on his initial hesitancy to take the Saudi contract in 1975, and friends and associates say that Dutton has also told them of his unwillingness. This reticence has been critical to the avoidance of a crass hired-gun image. The *New York Times* provided the following account on April 2, 1978:

> One day in 1973 Senator William J. Fulbright was discussing the Middle East with Rawleigh Warner, Jr., the chief executive officer of Mobil Corporation, one of Mr. Dutton's clients.

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As Mr. Dutton tells the story, the Senator told Mr. Warner that Saudi Arabians 'didn't handle themselves well' in Washington and should hire a representative. Mr. Dutton's name cropped up—among others—and Mr. Warner passed Senator Fulbright's advice on to Riyadh.

In 1975 Mr. Dutton was offered a contract by the Saudis, but hesitated. Given the intensely pro-Israeli position of many in the Democratic Party, he feared that working for the Saudis might seem the end of his political career, but he took the job anyway.

The real story is somewhat different. Recently obtained secret oil company documents, confidential correspondence, and information from oil company officials reveal that Dutton solicited the Saudi contract as early as 1973, and began assisting Saudi Arabia, directly and indirectly, through the Arabian American Oil Company (Aramco, the oil consortium consisting of Exxon, Mobil, Texaco, and Standard Oil of California) in December of that year through 1974. The new information shows that Aramco hired Dutton because it was being pressured by the Saudis to prove that it was actively supporting the kingdom's political demands. Furthermore, the documents show that as early as 1973 Dutton conceived of an ambitious public relations program, including newspaper advertisements, films, and an "unannounced" public relations operation with fifteen staff people, aimed at turning American public opinion against Israel and more favorably toward the Saudis.

Finally, the new material provides significant insights into how Dutton got the job, the nature of his public relations activities in the United States, and why he has cultivated such close relationships with the *Washington Post* and the national press.

IN THE SPRING of 1973 Saudi King Faisal was becoming increasingly bellicose about American Middle East policy. It was clear to oil company officials that the secret political funding operation which Aramco had conducted since 1967 was not going to be enough. (See "The Aramco Connection," TNR, May 19.) American policy was still aligned with Israel; more had to be done. At the same time a bug had been planted in the ears of oil company and Saudi officials by then-Senator Fulbright, a longtime critic of Israel. He suggested to Rawleigh Warner, chairman of Mobil, that the companies attempt to help upgrade Saudi public relations in the United States.

A search process began in mid-1973 by oil officials for an American adviser for the Saudis—an action taken with concurrence of Saudi officials. The search focused on prominent Washington attorneys. Half a dozen were considered, and by September 1973 Dutton became a finalist.

One former official of Aramco said, "We were interested in this case and in others in getting them an adviser from the U.S. scene who could advise them on whatever subject they wanted—or could direct their efforts of whatever they wanted in the United States. We looked at Dutton, who at that time had no real experience in Middle East but had political experience. He had worked through the Kennedy days and all this sort of thing. We felt he had the kind of a broad expertise on the American scene to offer the Saudis. Up until that point, they looked to Aramco to do it."

According to oil company records, on September 12, 1973, Rawleigh Warner sent a personal appraisal of Dutton to a vice president of Aramco "as a possible man for the Saudi Arabians." Dutton met Aramco officials in Washington and was told that the Saudis needed an experienced, politically astute, well-connected adviser to help turn American foreign policy toward the Arabs. In one of his meetings, Dutton outlined his plan for a broad public relations operation throughout the United States. Aramco was still evaluating Dutton when he decided to add an extra push. On October 16, 1973—eight days after the outbreak of the October 1973 war and on the day of a visit to Washington by various Arab envoys bearing the threat of an oil embargo—Dutton wrote a two-page, unsolicited letter to Mike Ameen, then vice president of Aramco. The letter focused on ways to effect pro-Arab changes in public opinion by use of the media, which Dutton held to be the key to changing American policy. Dutton also warned that Arab threats and warnings about oil cutoffs would only prove counterproductive. Nixon, Dutton added, really wanted a "balanced" policy, but was locked in by public opinion in support of Israel. He wrote:

I just heard on the morning radio news that a special, high-level delegation of Saudi, Kuwait, and other Arab envoys are coming to Washington today to meet with President Nixon. While that is unquestionably a useful step, I want to urge it is far from enough as a major move even at this juncture—and would seem to misunderstand the overall power system and real decision-making process in this country, especially now.

To the extent the envoys appear to be bearing stern warnings, they only further incite the widespread publicity in the U.S. that the Nixon Administration must not give into threats or oil blackmail. Genuinely effective leverage at least in the U.S. political system must not be a major person but through the public, or key groups, or major news sources. The leverage comes through sympathetic papers, Senators, contributors and such.

Dutton went on to say that Aramco should initiate the public relations campaign he had previously suggested, and should solicit help from sympathetic figures in government and the media:

It must be backed up with the kind of effort we touched on—and quickly. Fulbright and others should be kept briefed; and so should the newsmen here. My own first-hand impression is that the Arabs have far more opportunity in both those sectors than they are beginning to effectively harness. Howard K. Smith on ABC-TV news last evening (nearly twenty million viewers) made a masterful appeal for a more balanced U.S. policy on the

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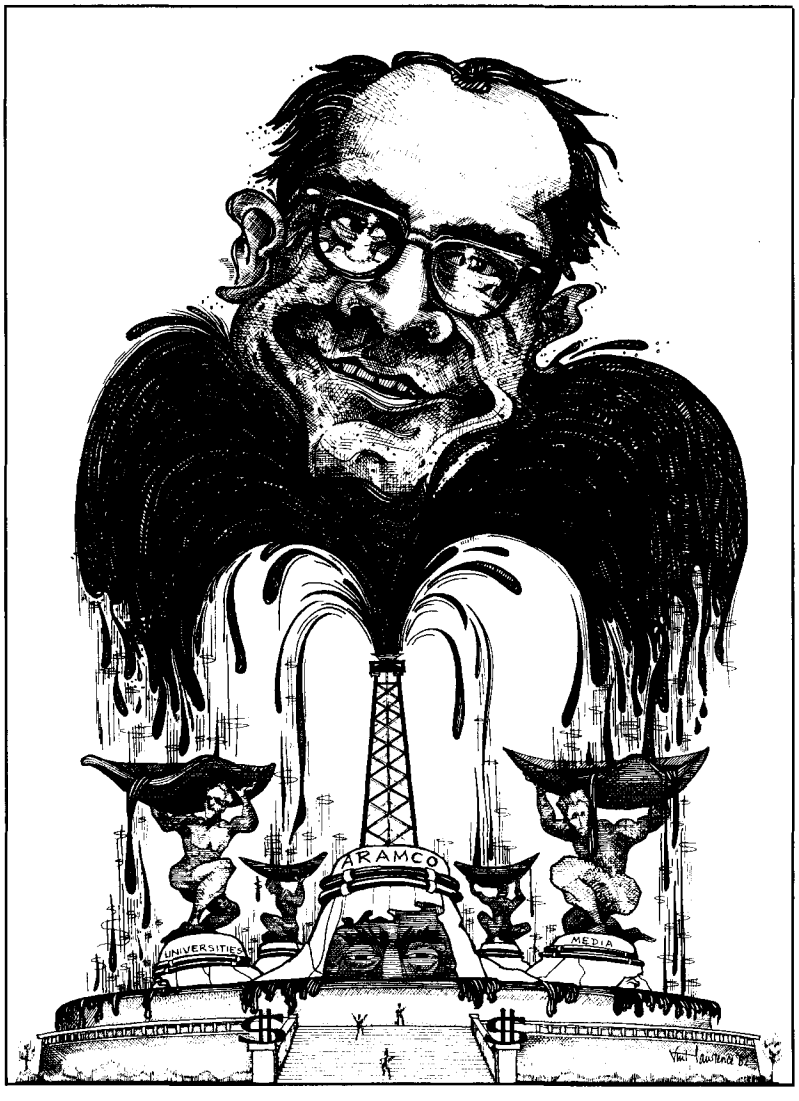
Middle East. The Sunday newspapers all contained columns or articles strongly presenting the Arab view. Yet my inquiries of the people writing those (such as Evans and Novak; Smith Hempstone of the *Star-News;* and others) is that they are working out of their own background and digging, not with any real or fresh information. I was at the *Washington Post* again yesterday, and while the paper remains staunchly pro-Israeli in its editorials (as this morning) the working writers there have increasing questions and doubts about the Israeli tilt to U.S. policy. In brief, the opportunity is present for the kind of major effort backing up the diplomacy today suggested above.

In his final paragraph, Dutton reminded Ameen of the need for the special efforts on behalf of Saudi Arabia that cannot be made at the "top" or through regular diplomatic channels. He added, "I do not intend to be implicitly pushing myself to help you in this situation—I am still very much on the sidelines, I realize. But I would think that you might assure there is full understanding of the domestic political, media and particular Congressional aspects and try to bring to bear the necessary steps (the Israelis are massively at work) to assure a balanced policy in this country's own self interest."



FRED DUTTON BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

In late November Aramco decided to retain Dutton as an adviser. His duties reportedly were to include some of the same services that Aramco had intended for him to provide Saudi Arabia—public relations, political intelligence, and help in planning and arranging visits by Saudi officials to the U.S. It was both Dutton's and Aramco's understanding that it was only a matter of time before Saudi Arabia would agree to a formal employment arrangement with Dutton.

On December 7, 1973, Dutton wrote Aramco another remarkable letter. It strongly suggests that Aramco hired Dutton and pushed for his employment by the Saudis because of its need to prove its loyalty to the Saudis. In four pages, Dutton detailed a massive public relations program that Aramco could take on its own, "responsive to what I assume is a fundamental need to demonstrate to the Saudis that Aramco is taking real steps here to carry forward your and their common interests." Dutton impressed upon Ameen Aramco's self-interest in such a program: "The huge stake that Aramco has there would seem to make that especially important over the next three to six months, with the impending negotiations, oil embargo and underlying struggle looming so large. Not making a genuine effort over the months immediately ahead would seem, in fact, to be readily subject to interpretation by them as that the company is ducking in the really critical clinch." He urged throughout that only programs of a certain type be initiated: those that would result in "press clippings," or that could be "directly verifiable to the Saudis" in other ways. "Sophisticated Saudis like Yamani must be well aware of how much more influential TV has become than newspapers with the White House, Congress, and general public; and showing tapes of films can even make a more indelible impression than thumbing through batches of newspaper stories." Dutton's suggestions included five-minute documentary TV commercials, fifteen-minute radio programs, advertisements in the *New York Times*, and lectures, seminars, and speeches by pro-Saudi Americans at major universities.

Saudi oil minister Sheik Yamani was scheduled to visit the United States in early December of that year, and Dutton provided some assistance to him during the visit. In his talks with Kissinger, Yamani reaffirmed Saudi Arabia's refusal to lift the oil embargo unless the United States acceded to Saudi Arabia's demands that Israel be forced to withdraw immedi-

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ately from all the occupied territories. At the conclusion of the visit, Dutton delivered a book to Yamani at the Madison Hotel. The book, Dutton wrote in an accompanying note, was "intended as a very small token of appreciation for all you have done on this trip, from those here who believe in an even-handed U.S. policy toward the Middle East. I hope there will be many renewing follow-ups on behalf of that from many sources."

IN THE COURSE of his work, Dutton also prepared, apparently on his own initiative, a proposed three-page advertisement, to be signed by King Faisal or Sheik Yamani, for publication in the United States. The advertisement, entitled *From Saudi Arabia to America*, defended the Arab view on the Middle East, attacked Israel, and justified the embargo. In the advertisement, Dutton attributed the sole source of Middle East instability to Israel—including its encouragement of Jewish immigration—as the reason for the oil embargo: "The stepped-up recent building of permanent settlements on occupied territories and the international campaign launched for still greater immigration into the area inescapably forewarned for yet further expansionism onto Arab soil and larger injustices if resolute corrective action was not sought."

In a letter dated December 15, 1973, just after Yamani left the U.S., Dutton wrote Aramco chairman Frank Jungers to tell him, "Yamani's trip here was superb, with much good coming of it. But vastly more is needed—and quickly." Dutton then outlined a whirlwind press tour by Prince Saud and Sheik Yamani during their prospective visits to the U.S.

Dutton also suggested an increased role for himself in helping to schedule future visits to the United States by Prince Saud and Sheik Yamani.

> Leaving the development of the scheduling for a Saudi visit to the Saudi Embassy in Washington or the State Department will not accomplish what has to be done. None of the Arab embassies here has a feel for these matters; and the State Department is neither sensitive or imaginative enough about the domestic front, as I learned while Assistant Secretary of State under Kennedy and Johnson.

In his concluding paragraph, Dutton expressed his pleasure in meeting Jungers and added:

> And I want to thank you, too, for the opportunity to meet Yamani, who I sensed is about as fascinating an individual as John F. Kennedy, whom I came to think while his Secretary of the Cabinet was about the most interesting political figure (even with his faults) I would ever come to know.

According to correspondence to Dutton from high-ranking Aramco officials, Dutton was to be working under the Saudi official, Kamal Adham, if a contract with the Saudis could be agreed upon. Adham was described by Aramco officials as "special adviser to the King," but, in fact, he was the head of the Saudi secret police. As King Faisal's brother-in-law, Adham also positioned himself to be a middleman for billions of dollars of Western contracts with Saudi Arabia, and he is considered to have been the principal CIA liaison in Saudi Arabia. Adham's nephew, Prince Turki, who has since succeeded Adham as head of Saudi intelligence, was to work with Dutton.

Dutton also conceived of a public relations "operation" for Saudi Arabia to be set up in Washington under the aegis of a high Saudi official, and heavily dependent upon staff personnel from Mobil, SoCal, Texaco, and Exxon. According to an outline, the operation was to "have a low profile" with no announcement made of its creation. "Simply go to work," wrote Dutton. "Set up goals, assignments, small staff. Do through others. Use 'free' outlets to the maximum extent possible." The "staff nucleus" was to consist of a "TV and radio news specialist," "newspaper experts for contact," writers, research assistants, and liaison people with the Senate and House of Representatives. In addition, over ten staff personnel "detailed from the Aramco companies" were to be placed in charge of numerous public relations programs. Senators, representatives, and "major news people" were to be invited to Saudi Arabia. Lucius Battle of the Middle East Institute was to be commissioned to give press interviews throughout the United States. Dutton also suggested setting up college seminars, producing film documentaries, preparing newspaper advertisements, and scheduling Aramco and Saudi officials to speak in the United States and abroad. Targeted groups included the "business community," "blacks," "environmental groups," "peace groups," "individual VIPS," "governors, mayors, and others."

Dutton insisted on being exclusively in charge of the

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operation and working directly with Kamal Adham and top Aramco officials. Quoting a fee of $1,000 a day for top Washington lawyers, Dutton asked for a $600,000, three-year contract and added, "I will likely be giving thirty days a month for a long time to come, and long evenings." Dutton also added, "I would be burning many bridges to do this—have family obligations." The contract would be subject to cancellation "if Fulbright informally indicates [that I am] not performing or for other grounds." (Incidentally, appraising the adequacy of Dutton's work for the Saudis would have been an interesting role for the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to play.) In the final line of the three-page outline, Dutton wrote, "*Start Immediately*—should have started six months ago, or twenty-five years ago" (the year in which Israel was created).

BY FEBRUARY 1974, Aramco led Dutton to believe that the Saudis would finally agree to a formal contract. Dutton had met with Adham and Turki several times, in the United States and in Saudi Arabia. He drew up a "Statement of Understanding" with eight clauses enumerating his duties as a "consultant," rates of compensation, method of payment, and expense reimbursement. The contract was to begin on February 15. Dutton stipulated in clause two that he "shall be guided by and report to Sheikh Adham and shall not be assigned to work regularly under a ministry or bureaucracy, nor under other Americans." The contract was to run for three years "because of the almost certainly protracted nature of the problem to be dealt with concerning Saudi Arabian-U.S. ties and because other sources of income and work for me will be affected by my taking this responsibility."

But no contract was signed. At the end of Dutton's visit to the kingdom in early February, where he met with top Saudi officials, Dutton wrote to Jungers expressing his appreciation for making the trip possible. He hoped that "a working relationship with Kamal Adham goes together as it provides striking opportunities for getting at the real problems of these times both here and more broadly."

In a memo sent to Aramco, Dutton detailed a "small vignette" that indicated to him that there was "some dark thinking going on in Washington." On Friday, February 22, 1974, Dutton was scheduled to have a "quick, informal" dinner with Fred Graham and David Halberstam. The oil embargo was still in effect at the time. The three of them dropped by a hotel to see Eric Severeid and Theodore White, whom Dutton had known for a long time. After Dutton mentioned to White that he had recently visited Saudi Arabia, White, in Dutton's words, "immediately assailed me and began a long diatribe of how no little country of 2 million people (he even had his figures wrong) should be able to cause so much trouble to all the industrial nations of the world." White, according to Dutton, continued in his "warped, distorted, incredible diatribe by what is supposed to be a highly intelligent man and certainly an influential one . . . including more with U.S. political leaders (especially Nixon) than the reading public. No argument or moderating could change his attitude. The scene was frankly grotesque. But it is mentioned here because I have run into varying degrees of it with respected political writers at several Washington dinners and several of the younger editorial writers at the *Washington Post*."

By late May 1974, the Saudis had still not signed an agreement with Dutton, despite repeated Aramco requests to Saudi officials. On May 27, Aramco's vice president, Mike Ameen, promised Dutton that he would finally confront Adham to "get this matter settled once and for all." Why were the Saudis holding up a formal agreement? According to an Aramco official in Saudi Arabia at that time, the delay was due to the "procrastination and deliberations associated with all Saudi endeavors."

While awaiting a formal agreement, Dutton provided services for the Saudis in 1974 for which two high-ranking Aramco officials thought Dutton should be paid. They urged that he submit a bill to the Saudis in May. Even though this arrangement was apparently agreed to by Adham, Ameen advised against it lest the Saudis "misinterpret" the bill. "I feel it best," Ameen wrote Dutton, "that we continue to attempt to have him [Adham] enter into an agreement signed, sealed and delivered."

IT WAS NOT until December 1975, nearly two years after he began providing public relations ideas to Saudi Arabia, that Dutton registered as an agent for its embassy. Dutton has worked hard to convey the image of a lobbyist who is above the level of crass influence peddling or manipulative public relations, and that image has been the key to his credibility with the national media.

When confronted about his earlier unreported work for Saudi Arabia and Aramco, Dutton said that he was not involved in public relations for the Saudis, and "was not made aware of Aramco's dealings with the Saudis" regarding his employment with Saudi Arabia: "I went to work for Aramco in early 1974, as Aramco was trying to assess where it stood in the midst of the oil boycott. I was not paid by the Saudis, but by Aramco, to analyze problems and the changing situation on energy." But as the new information shows, it is difficult to distinguish between Dutton's work for Aramco and his work for the Saudis.

In the end, the issue is not that Dutton solicited a lucrative contract with the Saudis, but that the petrodollar has come to play such an extraordinary role in American society. It can buy more than goods—it can buy influence, prestige, and the services of men like Fred Dutton. And its real target is the foreign policy of the United States.

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Mysteries, Comic and Otherwise

Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid (Universal)

The Secret Policeman's Other Ball (Miramax Films)

Chan Is Missing (New Yorker Films)

Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid is the last film for which the late Edith Head designed costumes; she began in 1933 and worked wonders for almost half a century. Does Rachel Ward, the leading woman of that last film, appreciate her luck? The picture is in black and white—it's a mock 1940s *film noir*—and Head provided Ward with clothes that combine subtle spoof with subtle flattery. She first appears, when a private eye opens his office door, in a great round hat and slinky dress and long gloves, a perfect phony-accurate movie image that begins a witty and sexy performance.

Ward made her American debut (I'm assuming from her accent that she's British) in Burt Reynolds's *Sharky's Machine*, if you can call it a debut: she was just a doll on display. Now she gets a real chance, and she makes the merry most of it, showing the sort of neatly overdrawn seriousness possible only to a performer capable of true seriousness. I hope that Ward is on her way to a lot of good comic and serious roles. She comes to the screen like a very nice present that someone has given us.

The title of this film makes as much sense for a parodic *film noir* as *Blazing Saddles* does for a parodic Western. Carl Reiner directed and wrote the script with George Gipe and Steve Martin. Reiner's direction is O.K. workbench stuff, without sags and decently timed, and he also plays in the film—a Stroheim butler who turns out to be a Nazi general—with revue-sketch adequacy. Most important, he had a cinematographer, Michael Chapman, and an editor, Bud Molin, who helped him realize the film's reason for being.

The central comic idea, so persistent that it can hardly be called a running gag, is to intercut the film with clips from past *films noirs*. Chapman's texture had to match the texture of the many clips, and Molin had to interweave those clips, not merely insert them. For instance, the hero of this film, Steve Martin, answers the phone and says, "Oh, hello, Marlowe," and we cut to a shot of Humphrey Bogart speaking at the other end, then back to Martin replying. The script was planned so that lines in the clips would pay off. In one scene intercut with a clip from a Bette Davis film, Martin, left alone, fears that Davis will make toast from stale bread; then we cut to Davis in the kitchen offering to make toast from stale bread.

The idea is not overwhelmingly novel, but it never wearies when well used. (Some childish jokes never pall; I've sat through hours of "blooper" outtakes and ended up hungry for more.) The intercutting idea is deftly used here, so, because of that and because of Ward's charm, the picture holds and amuses. It might have been really hilarious with a leading actor of comic talent. Steve Martin is not. In *Pennies from Heaven*, of course, he wasn't supposed to be funny, and wasn't anything else either. But I've seen some of his comedy routines on TV, and the only explanation I can find for his success is that he's inept. Martin is clumsy and insipid, and when an amateurish square comes out with an arrow "piercing" his head, talking about his wildness and craziness, it amuses people the way the branch manager of a bank might amuse his staff by putting on a paper hat at the Christmas party. The question is: how far can Martin's unsuitability for comedy take him in a comic career?

A more interesting question: Rachel Ward: whither?

All through *Dead Men* I couldn't help thinking of the producer's legal department. Anyone who has ever had to deal with the proprietors of old films knows that the complexity of getting rights defies credibility. Acquiring permissions for those clips must have been as much work as making the film. The legal file must be two feet thick.

Martin looks particularly sorry if, right after him, you see a Monty Python film. Their new one is not a narrative, like *Life of Brian* or *The Holy Grail:* it's a selection of skits and music from two benefits that the group ran in London at Drury Lane (with some guest stars) in aid of Amnesty International. The first was called *The Secret Policeman's Ball*, the second *The Secret Policeman's Other Ball.* Naturally they've used the latter for the title of the film.

The Monty Python performers (unlike Martin—if the comparison is worth making) are highly skilled, hilariously intense, and wonderfully exploitative of language. I don't mean the obscenities that are scattered throughout—these skits were not done for TV—but the way they get the comic ultimate out of ordinary words. (Just remember John Cleese enunciating the word "parrot" in the now-legendary dead parrot sketch.) Here they are joined by Peter Cook, alumnus of *Beyond the Fringe*, who appears several times. There could not be too many Cooks.

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Diva. Romantic French thriller about a Parisian moped messenger, a black American soprano, a Vietnamese girl, some killers, and others. Gorgeous and gripping.

Marianne and Juliane. Strong yet delicate, personal yet political. Margarethe von Trotta's fine third film is based on the true story of two German sisters in the 1970s.

Rocky III. Sylvester Stallone, who wrote and directed and stars, really knows how to dish out straight visceral excitement.

Victor/Victoria. Julie Andrews poses as a man posing as a girl singer in order to get a club date. Paris, 1934, and fun.

SK

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The four or five musical numbers that are interspersed only make the skits more welcome. The comic level starts high and doesn't let down. Sixteen years ago the Austrian dramatist Peter Handke wrote a theater piece called *Offending the Audience*, which is brilliant; but Handke himself might learn a bit on that subject from the beginning of this film. The cast appears before the curtain and, after the briefest of nods to the pieties of a benefit, they start lacing into the audience with what I can only call side-splitting venom.

And at the end, as the credits roll over a shot of one of the group sweeping the stage, a last surprise is sprung. Don't leave too soon.

A young Chinese-American director is in danger. Wayne Wang is 31, was born in Hong Kong and educated in California. After making some films for TV and some shorts, he got a $10,000 grant from the American Film Institute to do this film. He needed finishing money and showed a rough cut to the National Endowment for the Arts, which gave him a grant. Total expenditure: under $20,000 for an 80-minute picture called *Chan Is Missing*. In terms of budget and resources, *Chan* is cause for congratulations. In terms of quality, it shows a grip of film language and film *territory*—the sorts of subject that film can handle comfortably; but Wang is being endangered with overpraise. To call his film "a matchless delight" and "terrific," as some have done, is to burden Wang with debts that could maim him.

The scene is San Francisco's Chinatown. The two leading characters are a humorously laconic Chinese cabbie and his laid-back nephew, appealingly played by Wood Moy and Marc Hayashi of the Asian American Theater Company. The story is a search for a Chinatown wheeler-dealer named Chan, to whom uncle and nephew have given $4,000 in order to get their own taxi medallion and who has disappeared. They never find him, and they end up wryly reconciled to their loss; but in their search they have learned something about Chan and themselves.

Wang's aim is to show some differences between Chinese and American values. What these two men see in their search is no more important, we're told, than what they do not see: the *yang* and the *yin* are inseparable; together they form a whole. The trouble is that the script, which Wang wrote with Isaac Cronin and Terrel Seltzer, doesn't dramatize this idea. We're *told* that this is the philosophic basis of the action and of Chinese character, but little of the unseen *yin* is implied in what we do see —certainly not enough to justify the conclusion, which is a long commentary read to us on the soundtrack over a shot of the sea.

But Wang shows fluency with his actors and keeps his camera moving with them in ways that underscore kinetically what the scene is about. He has film instincts and could achieve real control. I've rarely seen (something less than) 20,000 film dollars better spent. What he does *not* need now is to be called a master. With luck, if he keeps growing in cinematic ease and deepens both his creative and critical sense about scripts, he may become a valuable director.

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THE TWO CONSERVATISMS

The Pursuit of Virtue and Other Tory Notions
by George Will

(Simon and Schuster, 397 pp., $14.95)

The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism
by Michael Novak

(Simon and Schuster, 434 pp., $16.95)

To nonbelievers, conservatives have long been a mystery. John Stuart Mill, in his most famous footnote, concluded simply that they were "the stupid party." Ambrose Bierce held that a conservative "is enamored of existing evils, as distinguished from the Liberal, who wishes to replace them with others." As recently as last year, after half a century of suffering under the political and intellectual hegemony of American liberalism, conservatives were dubbed the party of ideas. Now that they have put some of them into practice, many liberals are inclined to recall Mills's original verdict.

GEORGE WILL BY ALLEN CARROLL FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

A fairer approach, I think, is graciously to concede that conservatives do indeed have ideas, but to point out that on the whole they are contradictory. Reaganism is the embodiment of that contradiction. It is a movement ostensibly dedicated to getting government off our backs and out of social policy, while at the same time it promises a government-led crusade of moral regeneration: constitutional change to mandate public prayer in public schools, state subsidies to support religious instruction, and new social and legal sanctions against such challenges to traditional morality as pornography, abortion, and homosexuality. Less government and more government; laissez-faire in economics, and enforcement of morals (to use Lord Devlin's phrase) in affairs of conscience; a commitment to classical nineteenth-century liberalism *and* to traditional eighteenth-century cultural conservatism; appeals to libertarian commercial interests on the one hand, and to Moral Majority and new right constituencies on the other.

In the internecine, often obscure, debates within the American conservative movement since World War II, these are familiar contradictions. The struggle between "Manchester liberals" (sometimes known as the "economists," since they were led by Friedrich A. Hayek, Milton Friedman, and other economists principally from the "Chicago school") and cultural conservatives (led by Russell Kirk, armed with his 1953 Americanization of Edmund Burke, *The Conservative Mind*) has been a constant feature of conservative thinking for a generation. Both schools rebelled against the prevailing liberal consensus, but for different reasons: libertarians protested tampering with the free market; traditionalists, the moral mediocrity of mass society, which they blamed on the liberal state. (Some traditionalists were perceptive enough also to implicate capitalism and its relentless powers of creative destruction—and its "economist" defenders.) What held these two rival movements together was the cement of anti-Communism. What obscured their differences was their powerlessness. With Ronald Reagan's election, all that is changed. The bicameral conservative house is now open for all to see.

The undisputed leader of its House of Lords is George Will. His recent collection of pithy, epigrammatic, and often elegant essays, *The Pursuit of Virtue and Other Tory Notions*, is a textbook of American cultural conservatism. And a bold one, too. Not many people, especially conservatives, are prepared today to write that "true freedom is impossible without comprehension of, and submission to, the natural order." What is most charming about Will is the perverse pleasure he takes in his iconoclastic traditionalism: anything that would not have amused Queen Victoria he would sweep away, from "Dallas" to the designated hitter rule. The list is long, so easily are his Tory sensibilities offended. In fact, his delight in the title "Tory," like his worship at the shrines of Burke and Disraeli, is a common feature among American cultural conservatives. It reflects not only their aristocratic, Anglophilic prejudices, but the dearth of American thinkers in their tradition.

What makes Will as infuriating as he is charming is that he speaks of "the natural order" as if we all know—as if he knows—what he is talking about. Perhaps in 1790, when Burke wrote *Re-*

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flections on the Revolution in France, most educated Anglo-Saxon men had a sense of natural liberty, natural right, and natural order, and could speak confidently of self-evident truths. But two centuries of individualism, capitalism, and secularism—however much Will may lament these innovations—have drained "natural order" of whatever common meaning it may have had. Who or what is to define the "natural order" we are to submit to today?

Not capitalism, that inflamer of passions, that scythe before which all traditional values fall. And not democracy. Will is uneasy with any system that arrives at a definition of the public good by counting—votes or aggregate demand or "desires (for wealth, acquisition, consumption) generally considered low." He recalls nostalgically that before Adam Smith political philosophers "agreed that the public good was to be discovered by reason: the reasoning of the wisest." And who might they be? Columnists, perhaps?

MOST OF WILL'S criticism is meant to *épater les libéraux*. He almost invariably identifies liberals as the enemy ceaselessly trying to dissolve conservative values. But there is a problem. His most cherished argument is that

> the ancient and Christian theories of government held that statecraft should be soulcraft; indeed, that government cannot avoid concerning itself with virtue. . . . The modern 'nightwatchman' theory of government is that it exists only to protect persons and property.

But American liberalism has not believed in the nightwatchman theory of government for fifty years! Those who still do are conservatives or, strictly speaking, libertarian conservatives. Will is waging an intramural struggle with them. (Today Will defends many welfare state reforms against the ravages of Reaganism.) But he finds the presence of such fellows in his conservative bed so vexing that at times he tries to conjure them out of existence. They *can't* exist, he protests; their very name is an oxymoron like "promiscuous celibates." He insists that "real [i.e., suitably ascetic] conservatism requires strong government." In fact, "the truly conservative critique of contemporary American society is that there is too much freedom."

And too much change. Russell Kirk described the vocation of Burkean con-

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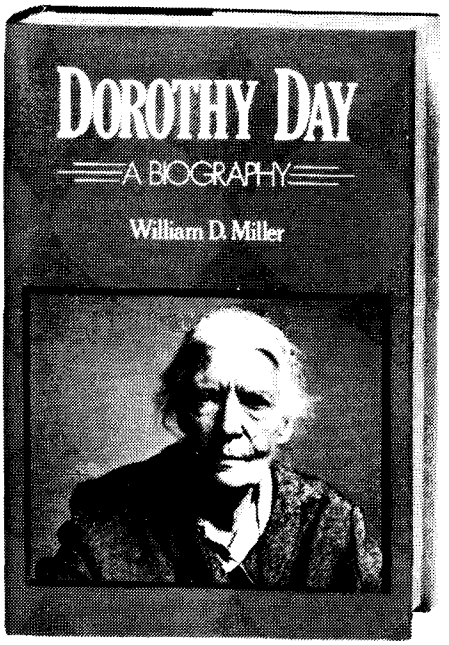

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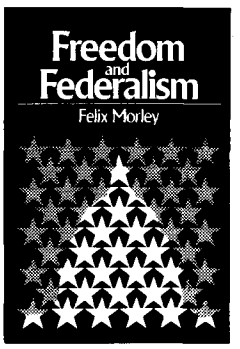

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servatism as the "preservation of the ancient moral traditions of humanity." Will, the finest contemporary defender of that noble calling, decries capitalist individualism because it dissolves ties of community and tradition, and produces a mass of unattached individuals prone to anomie, mediocrity, and state control. But when Burke was writing it was still possible to kill capitalism in the crib; in modern times the only forces powerful enough to abolish capitalism have been totalitarian. Will is two hundred years too late. Consequently, and despite his instinctive attachment to limited government, parliamentary democracy, and Western liberty, he is reduced either to pining for lost natural aristocracy or to issuing arbitrary pronouncements regarding proper submission to the natural order.

THEY ARE arbitrary because many things are traditional—monogamy, racial prejudice, Miss America—but only some are worth keeping. Appeals to tradition are empty unless accompanied by rules to separate good traditions from bad ones. Most ideologies supply criteria: libertarians have liberty; socialists, equality; fundamentalists, Scripture. How does Will choose? He never really says. He does say that government intervention is good when it expands choices. He gives Social Security and TVA as examples. These gifts of "the old liberalism," as he calls it, "delivered material advantages that were intended to enable people to live the lives they had chosen." The interventions he dislikes are products of

> the new liberalism, typified by forced busing and affirmative action and the explosive growth of regulation, [which] administers 'remedies' to what society's supervisors consider defects in the way people live.

But what is TVA if not a program devised by society's supervisors to correct a defect in the way people live? And while we might argue over whether "forced busing" has fulfilled its intentions (at the beginning no one knew whether TVA would work either, and Will is surely aware that electricity has brought "Three's Company" and now "Pac-Man" to the pristine Tennessee Valley), its aim was to expand the horizons—the choices—of a severely deprived group of Americans.

Take another example. There is no "material advantage" more "intended to enable people to live the lives they had chosen" than medical care. Yet Will adamantly opposes national health insurance. Not on the pragmatic grounds that it might be too expensive. Not on the libertarian grounds that it might be coercive. (It forces people who would be uninsured to be insured; Will knows a bad argument when he sees one.) But because it will induce . . . moral laxity.

> But national health insurance might do harm by reinforcing public acceptance of the 'no-fault principle' that discounts personal responsibility for health. . . . Human beings, unlike oysters, are organisms that make choices. Today much illness is willful, in the sense that it results from foolish habits of people who have a duty to know better. And today insurance plans spread the burden of paying for illness: the prudent and dutiful are paying heavily for the irresponsible.

In other words, a ghetto teenager who chooses to contract TB should suffer the consequences of his actions. To interfere in that natural order is to invite an epidemic, I suppose, of willfulness. One might just as well oppose seatbelts on the grounds that they will encourage accidents—also a result of "willful" choices. The pursuit of virtue turns out to be a stern discipline indeed, and Will a rather severe schoolmaster.

The cultural conservative vision of a return to the rigid harmonies of the eighteenth century is singularly uninspiring. As Whittaker Chambers (no liberal he) once said of another Burkean, Russell Kirk: "If you were a marine in a landing boat, would you wade up the seabeach at Tarawa for *that* conservative position? And neither would I!"

HE MIGHT, however, for the conservative position Michael Novak presents in *The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism*, a sophisticated and often original defense of Western democratic capitalism, and a hymn to its spirit of freedom and pluralism. Novak's book is certain at least to inspire those now just beginning to lay siege to the heretofore sacrosanct citadel of liberation theology and its claim that "Christianity is the religion of which socialism is the practice."

Novak's method is to apply Anglo-Saxon "practical wisdom" to that claim and to examine what really happens in *this* world: unintended consequences make moral systems out of immoral motives, as when individual self-interest becomes the rock of a system that produces not only economic abundance but political liberty and a free pluralistic culture; and immoral systems out of moral motives, as shown by the monstrous tyrannies that have emerged from modern experiments in collectivism. Most of Novak's book develops this line of attack on socialism's spiritual claims. But to the divided house of conservatism, what makes the book so interesting is its defense of capitalism's revolutionary dynamism.

Novak does not flinch from the word "capitalism"; indeed, one of the aims of his book is to make it respectable. And yet, although he insists on the centrality of the capitalist economy to a system of pluralistic democracy, he is no "Manchester liberal." He criticizes the libertarian school of "Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, Ludwig von Mises, Frederick von Hayek, Milton Friedman, and others" for the "typical mistake of classical thinkers." They

> have laid too small a foundation to support the lived world of a democratic capitalistic society. . . . They have too chastely considered the economic system in abstraction from the real world, in which the political system and the moral-cultural system also shape the texture of daily life.

Democratic capitalism cannot live by free enterprise alone, Novak insists. His system is trinitarian. Its three elements —a market economy, a democratic polity, and a pluralistic moral-cultural system—are all equally worthy, necessary, and mutually dependent. The free market fosters economic growth, social mobility, and habits of self-reliance—all indispensable for political liberty. Its emancipation from government introduces pluralism at the heart of the system. And while the market constrains, it is also contrained by constitutional government. Both in turn are shaped by the moral-cultural system, which is buttressed by the "mediating structures" of family, church, and a myriad of other voluntary associations.

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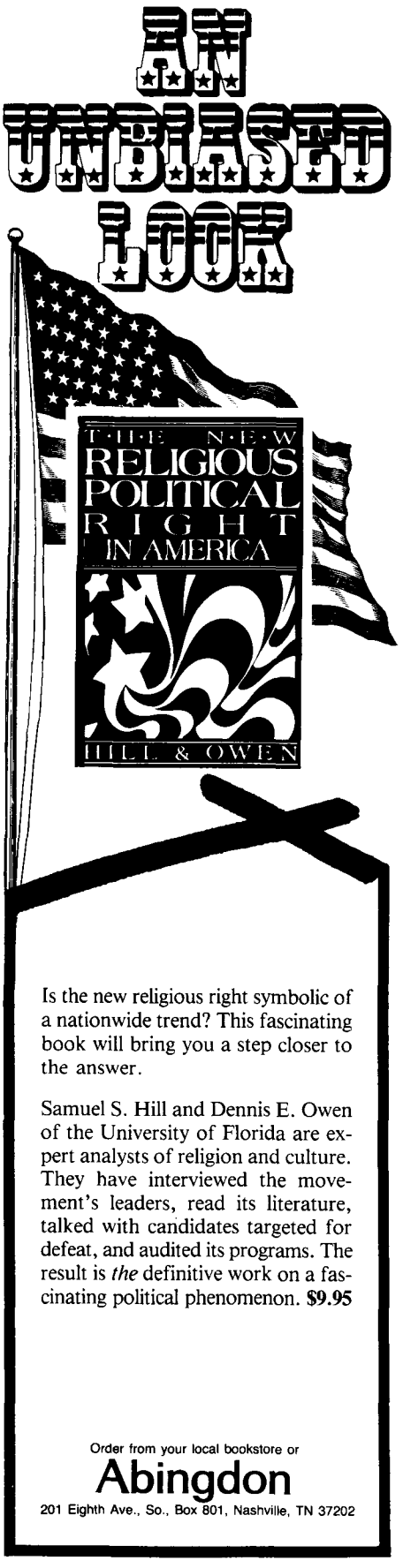
Novak's theological purposes lead him naturally to defend the culture of capitalism. Left and right, Christian, socialist and Burkean alike, charge that capitalism in its worship of individualism destroys community. Novak responds that although capitalism does destroy old, static patterns of feudal community, it creates in its place a more fluid, free, though necessarily more difficult, form of communitarian free association. (Tocqueville, among others, marveled at the American genius for voluntary association.) He also points out that democratic capitalism is uniquely able to guarantee moral pluralism. On the question of the ends of life it is necessarily neutral. The individual, the family, the church, and the other "mediating structures" must decide that for themselves. Soulcraft is not the job of statecraft. At the "spiritual core" of democratic capitalism, Novak insists,

> there is an empty shrine. That shrine is left empty in the knowledge that no one word, image, or symbol is worthy of what all seek there. Its emptiness, therefore, represents the transcendence which is approached by free consciences from a virtually infinite number of directions.

But the empty shrine is a stark image indeed. What if it remains not just empty of symbols but of worshippers? What if, as George Will complains, the moral-cultural system, far from being able to shoulder the responsibility for soulcraft, is itself leveled by capitalism's continuous revolution? What if, as Daniel Bell claimed, it is not an accident but a necessary consequence of the cultural contradictions of capitalism that it is undone by its own successes, that its abundance produces corruption and decay, that the constant change it engenders undermines the very traditional structures and values on which it depends?

NOVAK'S ANSWER here is somewhat uncertain. First, he says, quoting from Montesquieu and Paine, this shouldn't happen: commerce is a school of virtue, teaching prudence, thrift, industry, and tolerance. But he is too devoted to "practical wisdom" to be satisfied with two-hundred-year-old predictions derived from abstract reasoning. Things are different now—we have advertising, television, and *Hustler*—and Novak knows it. He has said that his grandmother was never subjected to the idea that she deserved a break today.



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The idea that we have a priori deserts concerns Novak. It positively addles Will, who sees in it the decline of the republic and is prepared, even eager, to invoke government sanctions to promote republican virtues. Novak is less certain about the need for, and less sanguine about the efficacy of, government stepping in to fill the moral gap. He makes the simple observation that Americans, under capitalism, appear no more grasping, ungenerous, or uncaring than any other people. Private giving in America is as high as anywhere in the world. Church and family are no weaker, alcoholism and other indices of "decay" are no higher, than in other advanced industrial societies, whatever their social structure.

And yet Novak cannot deny what is plain for all to see. He obliquely acknowledges the vulnerabilities of the cultural system when he says that "democratic capitalism suffers from the underdevelopment of guidance for a spiritual life appropriate to its highly developed political and economic life." Although he recognizes that our spiritual atrophy is at least in part a consequence of our overdeveloped free market economy, he loves liberty too much to sacrifice it easily on the altar of virtue.

Of course, Novak is no strict libertarian. He welcomes the softening effects of the welfare state, and would seem to have no difficulty in principle with many of the reforms proposed by democratic socialists. But these reforms he accepts in the name of common humanity to alleviate suffering, and in the name of prudence to mitigate class conflict. He is willing to give Caesar what is Caesar's, but when it comes to saving souls he believes that business is God's and His earthly volunteers'. Unlike Will, Novak doesn't applaud Solzhenitsyn's dictum that virtue makes men free. He believes that democratic capitalism makes men free and that virtue is the province of conscience and community. The question haunting and dividing conservatives is whether conscience and community can survive the corruptions of capitalism.

That is why on so many of the fundamental dilemmas facing our political culture today—for example, whether jiggle and tease programming is a right of commercial mass media, whether *Catcher In The Rye* and *Huck Finn* belong in our high schools or Mars Bars ads on children's television, whether young men should be forced into two years of national service—conservatism has two answers. Ronald Reagan's problem is that a President is allowed only one.

CHARLES KRAUTHAMMER

AN EPIC OF WEST VIRGINIA

The Killing Ground
by Mary Lee Settle

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 385 pp., $14.95)

The Killing Ground opens with novelist Hannah McCarkle returning home to the mining town of Canona, West Virginia, where she has been invited to lecture on her work at the old country club on the hill. Though a pariah in the eyes of "the best people" among whom she was raised (Hannah marched against the war in Vietnam; worse, she "exposed" her family and region in her novels), she is "the only famous person" who will consent to be the star attraction for this important fundraiser for the town's new art museum. "All that's left to us is the arts," bewails one member of the hanging committee, as the four ladies drive Hannah to her lecture. "You have to understand . . . that this audience is not really intellectual or literary like you're used to," the same lady tells Hannah as the Cadillac climbs the hill and we, the readers, receive capsule histories of the "pathetic, redundant" lives of these four women who do hope Hannah will keep her remarks light and amusing. On the drive, Hannah sits rather grudgingly and compares her companions to herself and to the land around them:

> They carry in themselves the residue of old needs and fears which have been composted into prejudice. The origins are buried in their minds as deeply as the spearhead was buried under [Hannah's ancestor's] tree, for they fear the exposure of facts as I fear the isolation of illusion.

These women are, Hannah concludes to herself, in a little ecstasy of hatred, "in one of the bloodiest centuries of the Christian era, women to whom nothing has happened that is not personal."

BUT PERSONAL things have a way of happening whenever Hannah comes home, and this time is no exception. While she is presenting a high-minded and technically sophisticated lecture on how she went about tracing the history of this community through novels (which, incidentally, have the same titles as Mary Lee Settle's Beulah Quintet, of which *The Killing Ground* is the conclusion), word spreads round the hall that a popular bachelor in town has hanged himself. The crowd disperses with alacrity; the dinner party for Hannah is canceled on the spot as the "hanging committee" transfers its interest from art to the deceased. The personal has, if you will, avenged itself on Hannah, who is left alone with her memories of another homecoming, eighteen years ago, when she arrived just in time for the freakish death of another popular Canona bachelor: her beloved brother Johnny.

The circumstances surrounding this death, caused by a blow from a resentful hill kin's fist against the face of white-dinner-jacketed Johnny during a Saturday night sojourn in the jailhouse drunk tank, were what galvanized Hannah McCarkle into becoming a novelist. Before that, she had lived

> of course, in New York, a socialist in Bonnie Cashin leather, a radical with a guest list that consisted always of one or two understanding friends from Sweet Briar . . . one black Ph.D. from Columbia, two beats, a junkie, somebody from the UN . . . and, of course, the friends who mirrored what I was, thirty-year-old, carefully-brought-up rebellious children.

The impact of her promising, attractive brother's wasteful death, and the social and historical questions that lie behind it, impel Hannah to begin a fictional quest that will take her all the way back to 1649 to an ancestor, also named Johnny, a soldier in Cromwell's army who is shot for refusing to doff his

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hat to authority. From England she will begin her imaginative recreation of the collective consciousness of the people who settled the hills and valleys of Canona, instilling into their descendants a "genetic sense of loss," some dim racial memory of being kicked out, of having to leave home. Through four novels, Hannah will trace the paradoxical, ornery seam that runs through her people, or perhaps all Americans, making them fight their oppressors to the death for freedom, yet imitate the pretensions of these oppressors once they've got it. It is this central paradox that provides the themes and the tensions in Hannah's (and Mary Lee Settle's) Beulah books: we see generation after generation struggling out of poverty, anonymity, danger, only to achieve the house on the hill and start aping the very oppressors who threw out their ancestors.

Until her ill-fated lecture at the old country club, Hannah thought her project was almost done: *Prisons, O Beulah Land, Know Nothing*, and *The Scapegoat* were to be the great act of imagination which would set her free to live in the present. Now she realizes that the quartet must be a quintet, and the last book must deal with what's closest to home: *The Killing Ground* will be the personal story behind the historical, fictionalized ones. In it, Hannah must come full circle back to her own time, her immediate family, the wasted Johnny of her own generation, and her own struggle to leave home without getting trapped by the old fears and hatreds.

IT IS PERHAPS Hannah's grimness as she shoulders the last burden of this huge, protracted task she has set for herself that gives this final volume of the series its joyless, duty-ridden tone. ("My God, I have traced us through four books, and still it wasn't over, paid my dues and been charged again.") Unfortunately, this tone of a writer/protagonist being overawed by her own Grand Design interferes with the enjoyment of the work. Every time we begin to be eased into the stream of fiction, the voice of Hannah pulls us back with an interpretation of the events we are witnessing, the characters we are getting to know, quite well, on our own. Settle ought to trust her vivid, discriminating eye, her accurate ear more: what people do and how they express themselves reveal much in this society Settle evokes for us, where young women keep fox heads in the deep freeze, and uncles name their dogs Calhoun and Jubal, and a young man in a dinner jacket smirks sarcastically at a redneck inferior and says, "*Thank* you," after the redneck's fist had dealt his killing blow. But Hannah is too often at our elbow, reminding us how these people are generic as well as personal, or assuring us, mid-description, how much she condemns them, even though she is one of them.

> He never did an evil thing. He was honored by everyone who had ever known him, mild anti-semite, racist; he stood for everything I hated. I was at war with the love I bore him. . . . His imitators, the wild, peripheral men we bred, in their pickup trucks and with their gun racks, who were our own distant blood, acted out dreams for him he didn't know he had. He made jokes. They acted on them.

Here a startling insight into kindly Uncle Ephraim, the gentleman farmer, loses half its impact because of Hannah's untimely infusion of hate. It's hard to see a character clearly when you are rushing to his defense. Just as, when Hannah brought the weight of the Christian centuries down on those ladies with their spotted hands in the Cadillac, I felt suddenly more sympathetic toward them than I'm sure Hannah meant me to feel.

Maybe it was part of Mary Lee Settle's plan to make Hannah, her mouthpiece and alter ego, difficult to like; perhaps she thought it would be unfair, making "herself" lovable while drawing such relentlessly devastating portraits of Hannah's family and friends. (Hannah's mother is a monster of Southern respectability; her sister a cornucopia of small-minded bitcheries.) Whatever happened here, Settle is capable of creating more appealing heroines: the headstrong, passionate Lily Lacey, the mine owner's daughter in *The Scapegoat*, who was, like Hannah, an idealist, an activist, but also charming. I'm also thinking of that tough, brave, elegant young woman in *All the Brave Promises*, Settle's fascinating and moving memoir of her time in the Royal Air Force in World War II. It is because I loved this book so much that I felt so impatient with the voice in *The Killing Ground*. The voice of the memoir is compassionate, perceptive, warm. I kept wondering

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why Settle had denied her alter ego in *The Killing Ground* a fuller range of the tones she had in her to draw on.

Although I could not love the book, or lose myself in it, I was compelled, with Hannah, to pursue the "mystery" of brother Johnny's needless death. It is a mystery in the philosophical sense. We know who felled this last male hope of the McCarkles, but we must learn, through Hannah's tireless researches into family secrets, what it is in a society that breeds dangerous "feral twins." Hannah finally tracks down her brother's destroyer on a final trip home to the funeral of an eccentric old aunt who has been sitting on the information Hannah needs for her epilogue. It is with a grudging acceptance that Hannah has been right all along in her thesis that we discover Johnny's killer diligently struggling up through the layers of Canona society—trying to become Johnny.

During her country club lecture, Hannah tells her Canona audience that she has been trying

> to trace the clues to both the failure of a dream and its persistence in our innate dissatisfaction with things as they are, that is our constant undercurrent, and breaks sometimes into revolt . . .

She accomplishes this task to her own satisfaction at the end of *The Killing Ground*. As her plane circles higher above Canona, she feels she carries away something deeper than the land whose history and people have enthralled her for so long. The single legacy she chooses to keep from her heritage is "the choice to choose, to be singular, burn bridges, begin again, whether in a new country or a new way of seeing or a new question. . . ."

We come away admiring her ambitious undertaking and her stamina to complete it; we cannot help but hope her future choices will earn her that eventual larger freedom whose ripest fruit is compassion.

GAIL GODWIN

Gail Godwin's latest novel is *A Mother and Two Daughters*, published in January by Viking.

THE WORLD OF THE MASTERS

The Ruling Race: A History of American Slaveholders by James Oakes

(Knopf, 292 pp., $16.95)

Nothing has evoked so much controversy among American historians as the question of what the Old South was really like. A recent flowering of scholarship on slaves and free blacks has led to a new consensus stressing the collective cultural achievements of the most oppressed group in Southern society. But this ability to view the experience of antebellum blacks with greater empathy and clarity has been accompanied by an increasingly blurred image of their white masters. James Oakes's *The Ruling Race: A History of American Slaveholders* tries to bring this group back into focus, but his interpretations will not win easy acceptance because they conflict sharply with a very fashionable theory about the fundamental nature of Southern society.

During the 1960s and early 1970s Eugene Genovese, a brilliant Marxist historian, argued in a series of writings that the Old South was a "pre-modern" or "pre-capitalist" society, in which an ethos of "paternalism" governed social relations and provided the basis for a "hegemonic" ideology that enabled the slaveholders to be an effective ruling class. This interpretation has been very influential—mainly, I think, because it located the sectional conflict and the Civil War in a world-historical perspective, as part of the larger struggle between an emerging bourgeois capitalism (represented in this case by the North) and the kind of pre-modern traditions—"feudal," "seigneurial," or "paternalistic"—that it had to overcome on the way to remaking the world in its own image. It was not so much a deep affinity for Marxism that drew historians to this viewpoint as the fact that it made the causes of the Civil War seem commensurate with the enormity of the event itself.

But many of those who had studied the Old South in depth were troubled from the outset by a lack of fit between Genovese's grand schema and much of what they found in the historical record. The Old South shared with the rest of the United States at least some of the acquisitive individualism that we associate with the rise of a market economy in the Jacksonian era. Evidence of economic mobility and the vigorous pursuit of individual wealth—as reflected in a brisk turnover of land and slaves—was hard to reconcile with the image of a traditional, pre-capitalist society.

SEIZING ON such doubts and anomalies, James Oakes has forthrightly challenged Genovese's underlying paradigm by arguing that the antebellum slaveholding class turned its back on "paternalism" to embrace a competitive market economy and the new social values that went with it. In his view, nineteenth-century masters were essentially individualistic entrepreneurs rather than last-ditch defenders of a patriarchal order. He acknowledges that there were some large planters who expressed ultra-conservative views and denounced the trend toward an acquisitive democracy. But he finds that the paternalistic masters were marginal men, unrepresentative of their class as a whole and out of step with the main trends of Southern thought and behavior.

Oakes examines the entire slaveholding class in detail and finds that its membership was too numerous and heterogenous to fit the usual definition of an aristocracy. "In the first half of the nineteenth century," he points out, "about a third of all southern white families owned slaves." In the Deep South, the proportion was even higher, and Oakes finds it "difficult to argue that forty-eight percent of Mississippi's white families were aristocratic simply because they owned slaves [in 1860]." The average owner of human property lived in a log cabin rather than a mansion and was a farmer rather than a planter. Since the median holding varied between four and six slaves, a majority of all slaveholders at any given time possessed no more than five. This massive lower stratum of small masters was a fluid group; as might be expected,

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individuals were constantly crossing the threshold of slave ownership in both directions. Hence, Oakes concludes, "a clear majority of white families in the Deep South had a direct material interest in the protection and perpetuation of slavery," because they either owned slaves, had owned them at an earlier time, or could expect to own them in the future. Acquisition of slaves could thus be viewed as a democratic opportunity rather than an aristocratic prerogative, and little mystery remains as to why most white Southerners defended black servitude. But during the 1850s this situation began to change, as the percentage of the total white population owning slaves declined significantly. Oakes draws attention to a neglected aspect of the crisis mentality that led to secession when he notes that

> the declining proportion of slaveholders threatened to undermine their authority by closing off popular avenues of material advancement, thus jeopardizing the masters' ability to sustain the loyalty of nonslaveholding whites.

Oakes's well-documented demonstration that slaveholding was a broadly based phenomenon might inspire some historians to stress the class divisions *among* masters and locate "the ruling class" of this society in only one group of slaveholders—the substantial planters. Oakes notes that members of the elite owning twenty or more slaves (the most common criterion for planter status) were "among the wealthiest men in America" and presumably had the power and influence that normally go with exceptional affluence. But he prefers to stress the social mobility that enabled some slaveholding farmers to become planters and persists in viewing the slaveholders as a single social class.

WHAT MADE them a class, he argues, was a common outlook, characterized by a restless pursuit of economic opportunity and prosperity. Slaveholders—large or small—shared a willingness to pull up stakes and move westward in pursuit of better land, put speculative profit-seeking ahead of stability and nonmaterial gratifications, treated their slaves as tools of production rather than members of an extended patriarchy, and found in evangelical Christianity a catharsis for their feelings of guilt and anxiety.

Although he does not deal directly with those whites who might be described as permanent nonslaveholders —a substantial majority in the back country and the upper South—Oakes implies that they thought and acted much like the masters' class; he contends that

> there is . . . no convincing body of evidence to demonstrate that the mere ownership of slaves, even in large numbers, automatically entailed the embrace of a distinctive world view.

In effect, therefore, he undermines his own apparent premise that slaveholders were a distinctive class in more than a narrowly economic sense and conveys the impression that in some ways the white South approximated a classless society. The only social division that apparently mattered, at least before the 1850s, was the racial one.

IT FOLLOWS from Oakes's interpretation of Southern society and ideology that the sectional conflict was not an episode in the world-historical drama that featured a modernizing capitalism overcoming traditionalist opposition; it was rather a parochial disagreement over whether or not slavery contributed to freedom and opportunity for whites who already shared a commitment to possessive individualism. The sectional struggle was fought within the boundaries of a common "liberal tradition" that,

> in its famous capacity for pragmatic accommodation of conflicting positions, . . . had managed to embrace two views of slavery so fundamentally incompatible as to bring a nation to Civil War.

Oakes's new interpretation of the Old South will evoke significant controversy. It breaks sharply and categorically with the widely held view that the Civil War was fought between societies that differed fundamentally in ideologies, values, and cultural traditions. If he is right, we will have to abandon the notion that a pre-capitalist or pre-modern South squared off against a modernizing, capitalistic North. Personally, I find myself sympathetic to the main thrust of his argument but uneasy about some aspects of it. Southern historiography may have suffered in recent years from an excess of the "revisionist" impulse. During the past two decades or so, we have seen a series of bold interpretations, each claiming to discredit most of the work that came before it. Little effort has been made to achieve a genuine synthesis, one that would in-

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corporate what remains valuable and persuasive in the older views. Genovese cavalierly ignored previous scholarship that emphasized the democratic and capitalistic aspects of the antebellum experience. Oakes, in turn, may have failed to appreciate the kernel of truth in Genovese's image of the Old South as a paternalistic society. Where Genovese went wrong was in his characterization of slaveholders in general as a relatively stable class of landed aristocrats. Oakes is on firm ground when he describes most of them as hard-driving agrarian capitalists with little affinity for older paternalistic traditions. But, as Oakes acknowledges, there was a small group of very wealthy planters who manifested the traits that Genovese associated with all slaveholders. I am not completely convinced that these paternalistic masters were as marginal and powerless as Oakes claims. They obviously did not have everything their own way and had to adjust to the growth of a market economy and to the rise of democratic individualism among the white population. And yet they *did* have an influence greatly out of proportion to their small numbers.

As previously suggested, one conclusion that can be derived from Oakes's data is that slaveholders per se did not constitute a distinctive social class; there was simply too much overlap with the more ambitious or economically secure members of the nonslaveholding yeomanry. But it remains possible that the substantial planters constituted a class in and for themselves—one that can still be viewed as the dominant group in Southern society even if its "hegemony" was more limited and fragile than Genovese would have us believe. Oakes attempts to dismiss this possibility by noting that there was no clear line of demarcation between elite planters and those just below them on the social ladder and that upward mobility was common within the slaveholding ranks. But in my view these facts do not dispose of the issue. As Lawrence Stone pointed out in his study of the English aristocracy, "a class is not a finite group of families but rather a bus or hotel, always full, but always filled with different people." It seems likely that possession of a certain quantity of slaves and land—perhaps between thirty and forty slaves employed on fertile soil—made a qualitative difference in a family's lifestyle, social status, and access to power. These elite slaveholders did, over time, manifest some of the attitudes and behavior of a landed gentry. For the lesser or "middle-class" slaveholders, they were a model of success to be emulated.

BUT FOR the "yeomanry"—that great mass of marginal slaveholders and nonslaveholders who had no realistic chances of entering the planter class—they were objects of more class resentment than Oakes is willing to acknowledge. It was this elite group, and not slaveholders in general, that was the true subject of Genovese's explorations in ruling-class ideology. Oakes therefore misses the mark to some extent by focusing on the slaveholding farmers, who may have been statistically significant without being part of the ruling group.

If we conceive the crucial fault lines of the social hierarchy differently than Oakes does and view the division between farmers and planters as more important than the one between slaveholders and nonslaveholders, it becomes possible to recover the class dimension of the white Southern experience—but only if we downplay the importance of slavery per se. It was slaves in large quantities, in combination with land in large quantities, that opened the path to affluence, security, social eminence, and disproportionate political power.

Although Oakes has written an important and useful study of the typical run of slaveholders, he has actually told us very little about class and power relations among white Southerners. In some ways, his study resembles an examination of modern American capitalism that focuses on junior executives and small-businessmen rather than on the corporate elite. What we need now is a similarly incisive and thorough study of the large planters, one that would fully test the hypothesis that they were a distinctive and dominant social class.

GEORGE M. FREDRICKSON

George M. Fredrickson teaches history at Northwestern University and is the author recently of *White Supremacy: A Comparative Study in American and South African History* (Oxford University Press).

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THE GREAT ESCAPE ARTIST

P. G. Wodehouse: A Biography by Frances Donaldson

(Knopf, 352 pp., $18.50)

I write this piece from London, where, according to this morning's *Times*, the Queen Mother has just been to visit an exhibition of P. G. Wodehouse memorabilia at the National Theatre. She is an avid reader of Wodehouse, says the *Times*, and collects his books in her library in Scotland. So the Queen Mother and I have something in common after all: we are both Wodehouse fans.

But what exactly is it that we admire? When you try to describe Wodehouse's achievement it's hard not to make it sound hollow and a bit fatuous: ninety-six books, and not one touch of reality—no sex, violence, or rude language; no politics, race, or religion; no villains, no evil. Nothing you couldn't lend to your maiden aunt (if such things still existed), or leave round Balmoral for the housemaids to read. If there were a Nobel Prize for Inoffensiveness, Wodehouse would be the all-time laureate.

How can a writer be so inoffensive and yet so *good*? Other writers, pressed to explain why they admire Wodehouse, have generally found three things to praise. First, the style—"Wodehouse the poet," as Anthony Powell called him. Wodehouse didn't have a particularly wide range of stylistic tricks, but he used what he had flawlessly and ingeniously: the quick shifts between high-flown language and a peculiarly dated slang; the familiar literary allusions thrust into narrative passages too small for them; the extravagant figures of speech ("One has to regard a man as a Master," Evelyn Waugh said, "who can produce on average three uniquely brilliant and entirely original similes on every page"). Certainly the style is a continuous pleasure. It is also, one should add, an impenetrable barrier between the Wodehouse world and reality—this *can't* be life, not in these terms—and that is its appeal.

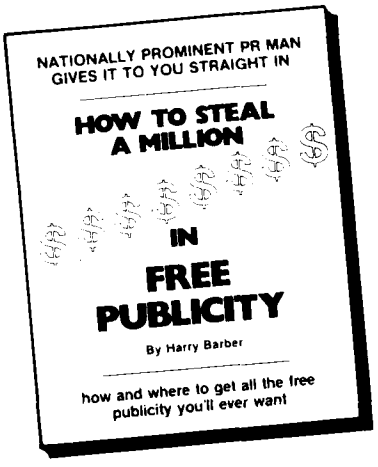
Then there are the plots to praise. They are highly familiar, entirely predictable, and indeed are often repeated from one book to another (*Hot Water*, for example, was modeled on *Piccadilly Jim*, as Wodehouse cheerfully admitted). Ernest Newman shrewdly compared Wodehouse's brilliant use of standardized characters and situations to the commedia dell'arte, and though Wodehouse might not have thought of the comparison, he would have accepted the point: "I feel about my stuff," he wrote, "that it never contains what you might call surprises. . . . You are never likely to feel like Keats on first reading Chapman's Homer." But even without surprises there is pleasure; it comes from the perfection of his structures, every apparent accident, every coincidence, every thrown rock and purloined necklace in exactly the right place to advance the plot to the happy ending that we know is coming. This can't be life either: but how ingenious, and how tidy!

Critics who need stouter stuff than style and plot turn to the Wodehouse Myth. I'm sorry if that sounds a bit ponderous, but you will see what I mean in this quote from Waugh:

> For Mr. Wodehouse there has been no fall of Man; no 'aboriginal calamity.' His characters have never tasted the forbidden fruit. They are still in Eden. The gardens of Blandings Castle are that original garden from which we are all exiled.

You'd expect that from Waugh, the most persistently nostalgic of modern novelists (what, after all, is Brideshead but Blandings Lost?); but it is a view that one has to accept, even if not in Waugh's theological terms. One might perhaps say, in a more secular way, that Wodehouse invented a world of grown-up childhood, in which irresponsibility is a virtue, and responsibility a fall from grace. His most attractive figures are the anarchic characters, Uncle Fred, Galahad Threepwood, Lord Emsworth, and all those dauntless suitors; the least attractive (though you couldn't call them villains) are the aunts, psychiatrists, secretaries, and fathers of fiancées—the people who want to impose responsibility and rules upon the scatterbrained, the cheerful, and the hard-drinking.

The drinking is an important feature of Wodehouse's world: he never lost his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faith in the restorative powers of a couple of quick ones, and he never punished his drunks with more than a hangover (which Jeeves could cure), or at most a few pink spots on the chest. Booze without consequences is, I suppose, another way of saying what Waugh was saying—it's the drinking man's version of Paradise.

A unique style, ingenious plotting, and a child's world with alcohol in it made Wodehouse a great comic writer. But not at first, and not all the time. One can, in fact, date precisely when the vintage Wodehouse began: it was in 1915, when he published "Extricating Young Gussie," the first Bertie Wooster/Jeeves story, and *Something Fresh*, the first Blandings novel. In these two books Wodehouse staked out his own personal territories—ostensibly a bit of Mayfair just north of Piccadilly and a piece of Shropshire, but in fact places that existed only in his "slightly cockeyed" imagination. And once the Wodehousian venue existed, the stuff poured out, and went on pouring for sixty years. I can't think of any other writer who stayed at the top of his form for so long.

ABOUT THE life, all but one patch of it, there is nothing much to say. Wodehouse found success easily and early, made a lot of money, and married happily. In the years between the wars he and his wife lived a rootless, affluent, international life, in rented houses in New York, Hollywood, London, Cannes, Paris, where he worked away at his novels and at more than forty plays and musicals. It was evidently a pleasant life, though not an eventful or very interesting one.

And so no doubt it would have continued to the end, if the Wodehouses had not chosen to spend some time in the late 1930s in Le Touquet, and to stay on there in 1940, when most other English nationals left. In May of that year the German Army in its sweep into France reached the town, and Wodehouse was interned.

He spent just over a year in various internment camps in Belgium and Germany, a prisoner, but a fairly happy one. He liked the camp life, he said; it was like life at school. Like any schoolboy he complained about the food, and waited for parcels from home, but he grew healthier on the regular, active routine. He played cricket there for the first time in twenty-seven years, and was rather pleased with his bowling; and he also found time to write, and finished a novel, *Money in the Bank*. He grew fond of his fellow inmates, and also of his captors: his internment journal, which Lady Donaldson quotes at length, mentions "our dear old sergeant" and a "charming German corporal," and concludes that "Germans are swell guys, and the only barrier between us is one of language."

In June 1941 Wodehouse was taken to Berlin and invited to broadcast his experiences as an internee. He gave five talks in all, which were broadcast to America, and later also to England. (All five are quoted, in what seem to be complete texts, in appendices to Lady Donaldson's book.) After the last broadcast Mrs. Wodehouse was allowed to join him, and for the next two years they lived together in Germany, in conditions of considerable freedom and comfort, in country houses in the summer and Berlin hotels in the winter. In 1943 they moved to Paris and lived there, in the Hotel Bristol, until the Liberation.

THIS IS A highly condensed account of events that occupy more than a third of the biography, but it gives the basic facts. As for the broadcasts, they were attempts to be Wodehousian about internment—chirpy and full of little jokes, holding no grudges, the elderly humorist keeping his spirits up. There is nothing in them that a rational person could call treasonous, or even pro-German, nothing remotely like Lord Haw-Haw, or Ezra Pound, for that matter. It must have been a bit disquieting, hearing what appears to be the voice of Bertie Wooster trying to describe the German arrival in Le Touquet, and the jokes tend to fall rather flat, but it's hard to regard the broadcasts as wicked. As Fascist propaganda they were surely no more useful than Pound's were.

Still, it's not surprising that the British took a harsher view, and considered that Wodehouse had given comfort to the enemy. He was never tried, but the incident darkened his life, and made him an exile until his death. Even long after the war he could get no assurance from the British government that he would not be prosecuted if he returned to England, and so he ended his days at Remsenburg, on Long Island, though at the last moment the British did relent enough to offer him a knighthood (the Queen Mother's work, no doubt).

The whole episode is a sad one, reflecting only discredit on everyone connected with it. It is interesting, though, for what it suggests about Wodehouse the man, and also about the kind of writing of which he was so much a master. Throughout the German years, and for long afterward, Wodehouse behaved like one of his own characters—like the imbecile Bertie, or Lord Emsworth, that "vague and woolen-headed" peer whom he admitted he resembled. He never really did understand what he had done that was wrong, and though he regretted having broadcast, it was only because it had offended his readers. The moral issues of the war seem never to have penetrated his woolen head.

Obviously he was, like Lord Emsworth, a man who should never have

ERUPTION

After the many deaths down burning wind
And the downfall of forests, fire-streams, vine-lightning,
Rockfall, rose-madder dawns, after moons less gray
Than ashfall across what had been a mountain meadow
Now broken to ashdrift—suddenly, dead silence
For days, for rain, for seasons, and now slowly
Fireweed and lupine, lifting leaves half open
Half-inch by inch, straining, upheaving
With bracken, horsetail, and pearly everlasting
The stone-hard crust, all spreading into the light
Like willow and cottonwood by the choked streams
And alder under whose shade the pines and firs
Beside the burial mounds of ancestors
Begin again their climb toward a timberline.

DAVID WAGONER

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been allowed outside the gates of Blandings, and for most of his life he wasn't. He lived and wrote inside his own insulated world, untouched by what was happening outside. He was unaffected by World War I (which he spent in the United States writing musicals), and with a little luck he would have been equally unaffected by World War II. And then the Nazis came and led him off into reality, where he behaved foolishly and insensitively. It is a sad but necessary conclusion that, gifted, amiable, attractive man though he was, he was morally retarded.

WODEHOUSE was the greatest trivial novelist in literary history: he created a world without real problems and without human depths, and he did it superlatively well. We call such art "escape" art, not as a pejorative term, but simply as a description of an important human activity. Escape art, as Auden once observed, is something we need, as we need deep sleep—it is the art that rests and restores us, and it is both necessary and valuable, though in the scale of human achievement it must stand below that other kind of art, the kind that disturbs and questions. If Wodehouse had had the capacity to disturb he might himself have been disturbed by the realities of the war in which he played such a demeaning role; and if he had, he would no doubt have emerged more honorably from his captivity. But perhaps he could not have written his novels if he had been morally aware; perhaps only a man whose imagination inhabited a childish, essentially amoral world could have invented Blandings. And which would you rather have, Wodehouse's novels, or one more sensitive, honorable man?

Lady Donaldson knew Wodehouse, and is a friend of his stepdaughter; she therefore writes her book as an insider and, in the long central section on the broadcasts, as an attorney for the defense. Her defense is essentially that Wodehouse was a pathologically inhibited, reclusive low-brow, unable to feel strong emotions, afraid of people, and socially incompetent. The reasons for this condition she finds in his childhood: like Kipling and Saki, he was sent home from the colonies to be educated in England, apart from his parents, lonely and unloved. The trouble is that though this seems to explain Kipling and Saki, there isn't much evidence for deep psychic wounds in Wodehouse: he married very happily, he loved his stepdaughter and his lifelong friend Guy Bolton, and in his fiction he treated the human race with a good deal more affection than it deserves. Like Lord Emsworth, he liked peace and quiet, and was bossed about by women, but I don't see anything pathological in that.

Apart from her psychologizing, Lady Donaldson provides some useful new material, especially letters and the broadcasts, though she leaves me convinced that there is a good deal more to be found, especially about the American years. She also offers in passing some generalizations on the differences between men and women that will offend feminists (my Wodehouse-collecting daughter will not be pleased to learn that women get little pleasure from the novels because they can't respond to "masculine humor"), and a view of "aristocratic virtues" that even monarchists will find excessive. Indeed, the whole book has a touch of Aunt Agatha about it—or it may be Lady Constance. Certainly it isn't going to be the definitive life.

But Plum survives his biographers. I'm saddened by the German episode, and surprised by some of the judgments of other writers, but I remain convinced of his essential good-heartedness; obviously Wodehouse was a man quite without malignity, who saw all men except tax collectors in his own amiable image. Perhaps amiability is a sign of shallowness; certainly Wodehouse didn't think deeply about anything except how to write novels that would be like musical comedies without the music. But that's enough, and we must be grateful to him for imagining his world: it remains the best place around to escape to.

SAMUEL HYNES

Samuel Hynes is the author of *The Auden Generation* (Viking).

PARTISAN COMPASSION

A Compassionate Peace: A Future for the Middle East A Report Prepared for the American Friends Service Committee

(Hill and Wang, 226 pp., $13.95, $6.95 paper)

"Believing that an important element in relieving suffering is to prevent it, the American Friends Service Committee. . . ." This book gives its game away on its fourth page. It presents itself as a humanitarian document; the relief of suffering is humanitarianism. The prevention of suffering, however, is not. It is politics. Humanitarianism is indifferent to the historical identity of the hungry and the homeless. It ministers to men, women, and children in misery, but their claim upon its ministry is only their misery, and not their membership in a group. For politics, on the other hand, such membership is all. The Quakers came to the Middle East to help refugees, and stayed to help a nation. They assist not merely Palestinians; they assist the Palestinians. The Palestinians, in their attempt to fulfill their national aspirations, may need assistance. But such assistance is not alms, and it does not deserve the moral prestige of alms. Support for a Palestinian state is not precisely a form of Christianity. It is an endorsement of certain ideas and interests in the West Bank and Gaza. It is, in short, a political position. The American Friends pretend it is something more. They have big, but not quite honest, hearts.

A Compassionate Peace, then, is a political platform disguised as a humanitarian appeal. This passage from humanitarianism to politics is not merely a measure of the Quakers' real mission in the Middle East. It is a measure of the extent to which the Palestinians are no longer in need of humanitarianism. The primary requirements of the refugees—housing, health care, and so on—have been provided by international agencies of relief, and by the wicked state of Israel. Many of the camps are really villages. The standard of living is im-

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pressive in places. The human rights of these people have been met. Their national rights, however, have not. In other words, the Palestinians are in need of nothing but politics. (Politics are exactly what they have always spurned, but more on that in a moment.) The Quakers, in words and in deeds, are meeting this last Palestinian need.

There is some compassion in *A Compassionate Peace*, but not much. Or, rather, it is characterized by a confusion of compassions. For example:

> Other projects of ongoing aid were established by AFSC, one in Jerusalem to give legal assistance to Arabs of East Jerusalem and the West Bank, and another in Beersheba to provide a variety of services to mentally retarded individuals and their families in the Israeli community.

The Quakers may be forgiven for not providing legal aid to the Jews. There are many Jewish lawyers, as is well known. But surely there are mentally retarded individuals among the Palestinians. Perhaps the social services have reached them; but then they have reached Beersheba, too. No. There is compassion for Palestinians and compassion for Israelis. Compassion for Palestinians obliges you to press their many cases against the municipal and military authorities, and more generally against their own condition. Compassion for Israelis obliges you to play with troubled children. Here, humanitarism; there, politics. Between them, the 1967 borders.

THE POLITICS of this book are rather platitudinous. It is useful, in fact, as an anthology of the left's assumptions about the Arab-Israeli conflict. Among these is the assumption, especially dear to the Quakers, that peace is made between peoples, and not between governments. This accounts in part for the left's coolness toward Camp David. It was not how the left likes history made. There was peace from above before there was peace from below. The peace was owed to power; the powerless, by their own choosing, played no part. A treaty was produced, not a revolution. For the left, therefore, the event was not quite elementary. The left is not stirred by solutions made at tables. It prefers solutions made in the streets. Its favorite political actors are not statesmen, but social movements. Diplomacy is lacking in moral glamour. And yet the past decade has shown that diplomacy may be the perfect instrument of morality. Camp David, where governments led and people followed, was not the only example; there was also the political miracle of Zimbabwe. (Mugabe, like Sadat, never quite became a hero of the left.)

CAMP DAVID, for the left and for the Quakers, is not the main event. Their lack of enthusiasm for the end to thirty years of war is a disgrace. They say it is because nothing was provided for the Palestinians. They would be more correct to say that nothing was provided that they were ready to accept. It is certainly true that Camp David did not present the Palestinians with a state. But it presents them with a way to a state. The notion of a Palestinian state has come to dominate a great deal of liberal thinking about the Middle East, and so something must be said about it. It is sublime; the Palestinians have a right to it; and only the creation of a Palestinian state will remove forever the political basis of this particular problem. But the Palestinians have been offered a state. They refused, and kept talking about their right. There could have been a Palestinian state in 1947, but they rejected the idea of partition. There could have been a Palestinian state in 1983, but they rejected the idea of autonomy. The Palestinians could have been well on their way from autonomy to sovereignty—this would have been the fourth of the five year period of transition prescribed at Camp David—but they simply spat. The left spat, too. Do the Palestinians and their friends really believe that these rejections make no impression on Israel? Do they really expect Israel to draw no conclusions? It hardened its line, and it is now too hard. But the Palestinians and their friends played a big part in bringing to power the antipartitionist strain in Israeli politics; they made it plausible to a plurality of Israelis. Now the Palestinians are in the streets. The left, of course, is stirred. But nobody ever made peace in the streets. Nobody ever made a state in the streets, either.

The AFSC report attacks the Israeli occupation of the West Bank. (The report was written before Israeli Defense Minister Ariel Sharon changed an occupation into a repression; it is his new fisted policy that may finally rob Israel of what Camus called "the bitter joy of fighting in agreement with ourselves.") Israel, to be sure, did not seek the occupation; no Israeli troops, during almost two decades of danger, ever set out to conquer the West Bank. Israel was attacked. But for the Quakers this is not a very pertinent fact. Their report exemplifies this assumption of the left, too: that, for all practical purposes, the Palestinian problem is fifteen years old. History before 1967 is of little interest to the principal author of this report, who is a Harvard historian. At best it is background. This is not surprising. The period from 1947 to 1967 is not a usable past for those who wish to portray the Israeli presence in the territories as colonialism. Start the story with the June war, and Israel's fear of irredentism seems irrational. Start it in 1947, however, or in 1922, when Palestinian rejectionism was born, and there is reason in Israel's refusal just to withdraw. Most Israelis are not crazy enough to think that there is no risk in holding on to the West Bank; but neither are they crazy enough to think that there is no risk in letting it go.

THE PERIOD since 1967, according to the Harvard historian, has been marked by two developments: the Israelis have hardened and the Palestinians have softened. A desperate documentary effort is made to prove this last proposition. It is suggested that there is a tradition of moderation in Palestinian thinking. Dr. Issam Sartawi and Professor Walid Khalidi, brave men both, are adduced. Words Yasir Arafat is said to have whispered to Western reporters are quoted. The resolution of the twelfth Palestine National Council, which called for "an independent combatant national authority over every part of Palestinian territory that is liberated," is cited. The Palestinians are said to have renounced their intention to immolate the Jewish state, for which thank you very much, and to have discovered politics; and this, it is further said, is a sufficient basis for a change in Israeli policy. Never mind that Sartawi is disavowed. Never mind that Arafat denies his every dulcet sound. Never mind that military means have hardly been replaced by political means, that Palestinian terrorism ebbs only as the Israeli Army flows. (The American Friends believe that last summer's cease-fire in Lebanon is nothing less than a precedent for a peace, but the PLO made that deal—its first, to be sure—because its forces were about to be destroyed.) The truth is that even the care-

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ful exegesis to which Palestinian statements are subjected in this report yields little evidence of something new. The moderation is minor, and it is not made of marble. It consists largely of implications. Here is an implication that a Jewish state is being recognized; there, an implication that a United Nations resolution is being recognized. The Israelis are asked to imperil themselves on the basis of things implied.

THE IMPLICATION that most inspirits this report is Arafat's acceptance of the Fahd plan. The Fahd plan is, indeed, the report's precise political position. For that reason the report should have been made in Arabic. Many English readers (especially with the government and the corporations) have few problems with the Fahd plan. The Arabs, however, have many. The most important fact about the Fahd plan, after all, is Fez. The Arab heads of state assembled there would not hear of it. They would not hear, that is, of a proposal that called for withdrawal to the 1967 borders, a Palestinian state, the "return" of East Jerusalem, the dismantling of every Israeli settlement in the territories, and "the right of all countries in the region to live in peace." This last article defeated the plan. It conceded too much. The Arab leaders, it may be confidently concluded, do not agree that all countries in the region have the right to live in peace. There is one that doesn't.

The American Friends Service Committee endorses the Saudi plan, and one more thing. It wants the Russians brought in. It does not believe that peace is possible unless the Russians are there to ratify it. Fahd in Geneva—that is the ideal. There is a considerable amount of comment in *A Compassionate Peace* about the Soviet Union, and it is simply the stupidest bit of political analysis I have seen in a long time. "The steady deterioration of détente," for example, is given as a reason for the invasion of Afghanistan; the American response to the invasion, moreover, "only aggravated tensions throughout the area," whereas

> an alternative response to the Soviet invasion might have involved immediate assistance to the refugees, attempts to facilitate avenues of dialogue between Afghans within and Afghans outside of Afghanistan, and direct discussions with the Soviet Union regarding their agenda for troop withdrawal.

And there is this:

> The Arabs are seen as being backed by the Soviet Union, despite the conservative nature of many Arab states and in the face of the Soviets' own recognition of Israel and their insistence that the Arabs recognize Israel's right to exist. . . . And the PLO is seen as a client of the Soviet Union, despite Moscow's denunciations of the hijackings and the Soviet refusal to recognize the PLO as the sole representative of the Palestinians.

It is just as well that these sentences appear near the end of the book. Had they appeared near its beginning, they would have disqualified it at once.

The Quakers pride themselves on their "visionary approaches." Their report is written to "try what love can do." But they are not visionary; they are deluded. And it is known what love can do. It can ruin.

LEON WIESELTIER

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 6*

Attempting to dine alone, I have been denied access to several restaurants in the vicinity of New York and Princeton.

Regardless of how empty their establishments may be, many restaurateurs seem galled at the prospect of seating one where two *might* have paid. This is stupid and disheartening, but I doubt that it is specifically misogynic.

Besides, Maggie Scarf did not go away hungry. No group of silverware salesmen has ever taken me to dinner.

RICHARD SULSKY
Somerville, New Jersey

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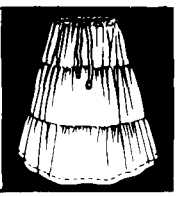

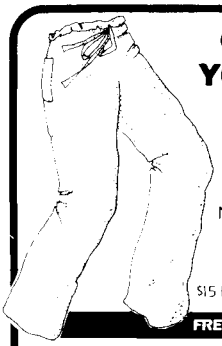

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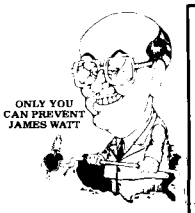

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California Diarist

Western Landscape

FOURTEEN POINT THREE percent of TNR's subscribers live in California. It's our biggest state, by a large margin. New York is second, with 11.7 percent, and Illinois is third, with 5.9 percent. The West is where the magazine's circulation has grown most rapidly in recent years. Even our own editors are provincial enough to be surprised when I tell them that we have more readers in Arizona than in Vermont and New Hampshire combined, and more in Washington State than in Maryland. It's gratifying that many Westerners seem to consider THE NEW REPUBLIC their point of contact with the intellectual and political life of the East Coast, but the West has an intellectual and political life too, strange as that may seem to some of us in Washington. So, with that in mind, I traveled to California at the end of May.

SATURDAY. We are being frugal, and fly from Washington to San Francisco on Republic Airlines, which, in return for five box tops from Rice Chex, provides free tickets to children accompanied by adults. Appropriately, it's a milk run. The plane stops in Minneapolis, Salt Lake City, and Reno. If you have the time, this is a good way to fly cross-country. You can see the landscape—the eerie miasma of the Great Salt Lake, the snow-covered mountains around Lake Tahoe. Even though we've flown eight hours since breakfast, it's still only lunchtime in San Francisco. We eat grilled salmon at the Tadich Grill and ride the cable cars.

MONDAY. Palo Alto is so clean, sunny, and prosperous that it's hard to take it seriously as a center of intellectual activity. There's no friction here, no angst. How can anyone get any work done? My childhood pal, who moved here last fall from Boston to teach at Stanford Law School, worried at first about the easy living. "I was mellowing out," he said. Then he found the solution: he and his wife rented a house with a back yard abutting the railroad tracks. The commuter train from San Jose roars through as late as midnight and as early as six a.m., providing him with that nervous edge vital to deep thinking.

WEDNESDAY. Gore Vidal, candidate for the Democratic nomination for U.S. Senate, dominates the *San Luis Obispo County Telegram-Tribune*. He trails Jerry Brown in the polls, 49 percent to 17 percent, yet his mug is on the cover of *California* magazine, on TV, on the front page. Vidal may be eccentric, but his nuttiness is too calculating to be really Californian. Contrast him with a naive genius named Alex Madonna, who is not a politician or a novelist but an architect and builder. His masterpiece is the Madonna Inn, a great Gaudiesque pile—a motel built into the side of the low hills of San Luis Obispo. He had a zany but distinctively late-1950s vision: purple plush, gold leaf, and shocking pink. Each of the 110 rooms has a different theme: L'il Abner, Old Mexico, Fabulous Fifties. Ours was the Old Mill; you flip a switch behind the bed and water cascades from the ceiling behind you, driving a small mill wheel, which in turn propels carved wooden figures along the wall. But understand that the Madonna Inn is no camp concoction. Unlike much Eastern decadence, the inn is totally sincere, a happy statement that everything is possible (and profitable—the place is always filled) in California.

THURSDAY. "This is how a famous Hollywood director lives," says George Cukor, 82, grinning and showing us around his gorgeous house in Beverly Hills. He is a friend of a friend. Stanley Kauffmann calls him a "weaver of brocades," among them *Camille*, *Adam's Rib*, *My Fair Lady*, and most recently the wonderful *Rich and Famous*. Cukor obviously enjoys being a rich and famous Hollywood director, but there is East Coast irony in almost everything he says. We talk about Ronald Reagan ("a lousy actor"), politics ("I'm a Democrat. Who isn't?"), his friend Somerset Maugham, and the future of movies. He doesn't like the way films are put together today. He prefers the old studio system. He thinks there is a dearth of good screenwriters, technicians, and directors (he likes Spielberg, though). He is dapper and sharp and gracious, summoning for my children cake and cranberry juice, with the rim of the glass coated with sugar, and for my wife and me tea and rum in china cups. He shows us the dining room where he introduced Mae West to Greta Garbo, the pool where Katharine Hepburn swam nearly every day when she lived down the hill with Spencer Tracy, and the gardens. Around the library are photographs of Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, and John F. Kennedy. On the walls are Braque, Matisse, Renoir, and a Grant Wood of rolling hills and deciduous trees—an Eastern landscape.

SATURDAY. At the American Booksellers Association convention in Anaheim, publishers hawk their wares. It's always a commercial show, but this year's theme seems to be "Tarting Up." The Farrar, Straus & Giroux booth has a blown-up cover of a new Jean-Paul Goude photo book that features his wife Grace Jones, with shaved head, in a cage like a panther with a hunk of raw meat in front of her. Two university presses are pushing books about prostitution. And roaming the floor, publicizing new tomes, are a Mae West impersonator, a Mr. Atlas, and a Penthouse Pet. The last obligingly autographs her picture for me: "To Jim, Till next time. Love and kisses, Debbie Zullo."

SUNDAY. I feel about Disneyland the way the first American visitors to Peking after Mao opened it up felt about China—impressed with how clean and cheerful and efficient everything is. There's obviously a darker side to the story, but I'd rather not know it right now. Like Alex Madonna's vision, Walt Disney's is optimistic, profitable, and apparently uncynical. The past was perfect, and the future will be even better. The present, however, is Anaheim, one of the most unpleasant cities in the U.S.A.: flat, monotonous, and nearly treeless (all the greenery is in Disneyland itself), its grid of roads studded with taco stands and family hamburger joints. This is an odd place to stage a convention of the American Booksellers Association. There's not a bookstore in sight. To a Californiaphile like me, Anaheim is the proper antidote. In its own laid-back way, it's every bit as mean as Atlantic City. But not the Magic Kingdom itself. I could ride the Jungle Cruise and Thunder Mountain Railroad forever.

J.K.G.

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